Stories of Illinois

Pratt

Young Folk's Library of Choice Literature

STORIES OF ILLINOIS

BY

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STORIES OF ILLINOIS.

THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO.

"By thy rivers gently flowing,
Illinois, Illinois,
O'er thy prairies verdant growing,
Illinois, Illinois,
Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling through the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these,
Illinois, Illinois,
And its mellow tones are these,
Illinois."

A grand old state is Illinois! A wonderful city is Chicago!

"They have grown up within one century," people proudly say.

Yes, the part we see to-day has grown up within one century.

But there was glorious history here centuries and centuries before white men had ever set foot on Illinois soil.

How do we know? Oh, but there are signs of it — relics everywhere.

We are sure that our grand old Lake Michigan was once very much higher than it is now.

We are sure that once Lakes Superior, Huron, and Michigan — all three — poured their waters down through our own Illinois River to the Mississippi, then through the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

It does seem almost unbelievable. But wait! Have you ever noticed those long, long bluffs on either side of the Illinois River? They are a great distance from the present banks of the river, to be sure — a whole mile apart we are told.

And, really, now that you come to look at them, they do look for all the world as if they were water worn, do they not? See the long horizontal lines, the stained rock, the worn ridges.

Haven't you seen river banks, when the water was low because of a long dry season, that looked like these bluffs?

And when you saw them, you said, "How low the

water is! See the banks! See where the river has been!"

But I'm sure you have already guessed the secret. Yes, those old bluffs — a mile apart — are the banks of the Illinois River of long ago. Of course they look as if they were water worn; for that is just what happened to them.

And all this was thousands of years ago. This was when the great chain of lakes poured its waters into the Illinois. No wonder its banks were a mile apart. Surely a river would need to be a mile wide to take care of such a flood of water as that must have been.

But why has the river grown so narrow? For the very same reason that the little streams you have noticed sink sometimes to "low-water mark," leaving their banks deserted. For we may be sure all rivers obey the same laws. It is simply that for some reason the water supply has been cut off or turned away.

The Niagara River, always rapid because of the

slope of the land in that region, must, from its very beginning, have been a noisy, rushing stream; while the great western river must at the same time have rolled on its way, always slow and dignified. As a natural consequence of these conditions, while the slow western stream would tend rather to build up land, the tearing, rushing Niagara would be steadily and surely wearing it down.

Why, even within the memory of man the Niagara Falls have worn back in their solid rock several inches! And wise men say that some time, if nothing happens to change the action of Niagara, Lake Erie itself will tumble over the falls, leaving the lake-ports of Cleveland and Sandusky high and dry.

Then you can see, I am sure, how it was that the Niagara, always digging deeper and deeper, wearing its way backward, and driving the soil before it, made the descent more and more marked, and so finally began to draw off the water from Lakes Superior, Michigan, and Huron, and to turn their outflow eastward.

Then Lake Michigan receded, and we had — what? Just this: miles and miles of the rich lake bed soil that makes our state of Illinois the grand agricultural section that it is, and the Illinois River still holding its course steadily seaward, gathering up the waters of the many smaller rivers, and so serving the state grandly for drainage and irrigation.

It was long after these marvellous changes of land and river making had taken place that man came to make his home on these rich prairies.

No one knows who the first people were, whence they came, or whither they went. But here and there, up and down the country and along the lakes, are signs that in very early times people were here, and that they were people of semi-civilization at least.

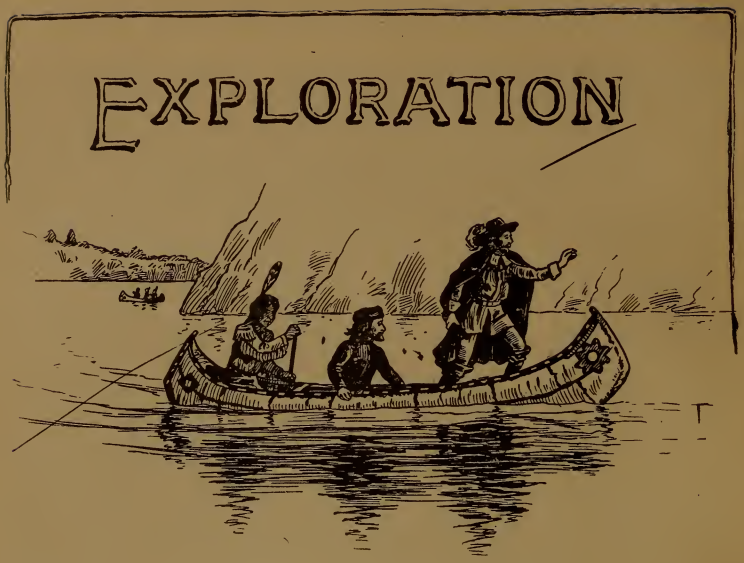
On Lake Superior are mines which they left — copper mines in which we know they must have worked for years and years. Remains of machinery have been found there; but what the people did with the copper, why they mined it, or why they left

the mines at last — their wealth by no means exhausted — that, no one knows.

After these mysterious people, came that savage race which we call the American Indian.

All over the continent, within latitude of possible dwelling, these red men spread themselves; and in our own state, chief among others, were the Illinois, the Pottawottamies, the Ottawas, the Chippewas, and the Kickapoos. That these tribes found even in their day a commercial centre at Chicago we know; for from no spot were there so many well-worn trails extending in all directions, as from this Chicago portage, even in the earliest times.

The savages came overland, and down the river also, to Chicago portage; for from there, then as now, the route out into the lake and thence on from lake to lake, was clear and direct. It was their route by which to carry to each other either war or trade. It was the great route which served their national interests, such as they were, even as to-day it is ours.



But while all this was happening on the western prairie, while the savages were roaming up and down the Illinois, wonderful things were taking place on the eastern continent.

It is hard to realize, in these days of locomotives and telegraphs, that there ever was a time when the two continents did not know of each other's existence.

But we all know now there was such a time; and that it was in 1492 that the first discovery was made.

How the news spread up and down all Europe! A new land found! Out across the waters of the sea! Due west it lay! And with people of a kind never before seen by European eyes!

It was not very long before England, Holland, France, Spain, Portugal — each bent upon possession, — began to send out their explorers to learn more about this new country.

It was De Soto, we know, who first touched upon the Florida shore; Cortez who marched into Mexico; Raleigh who reached the Virginia shore; Hudson who pushed up the great river of New York.

But none of these explorers pushed on towards the Northwest. None of them ever dreamed of our marvelous country inland.

For the French this honor and glory was reserved. In 1534, Jacques Cartier, finding the outlet of the noble St. Lawrence, sailed up to Quebec, then hurried home to tell of the wonderful "wedge-shaped" river he had found — a river ninety miles wide at its outlet, and more miles long than even

an imaginative Frenchman could picture to his mind.

With delight the French people received news of their success in the new world; and as soon as their own national troubles could be adjusted, Champlain was sent out to see what use could be made of the river, and what manner of country and people were to be found along its shores.

Settlements were made at Montreal and Quebec; trading stations were pushed into the interior; and the French and Northwest Indians became friendly through their mutual trade interests. But the French were not content with mere discovery and trade. They were a zealous, religious people; and when French monks came to know that here in the new world, there were thousands and thousands of untrained, untaught savages, their zealous hearts burned with the desire to go among them, to set up the Cross, and teach them the religion of the civilized European countries.

And so, as we shall see, it was through these

people first of all that it came about that Illinois was explored, the Illinois chief, Chicago, counseled with by white men, and the Chicago portage discovered and located by white men.

THE COMING OF THE FRENCH.

From the first coming of the French into the St. Lawrence, their ambitions were turned towards the Northwest, from which quarter most enticing stories of fur trade possibilities were poured into their ears by the Indians. But it was only eighteen days after the discovery of the lake by Champlain that the first battle for conquest took place.

Champlain himself, in his own quaint way, wrote the story of that first battle: —

"As we began to approach," he says, "the abode of the Iroquois, we advanced only at night, resting during the day. . . . . .

"When it was evening we embarked in our canoes to continue our course, and as we advanced very quietly, we met the foe on the 29th of July at about ten o'clock in the evening, at the extremity of a cape that extends into the lake.

"The Iroquois had come to fight. We both began to utter bitter cries, all getting in readiness for battle. We withdrew out into the water; the Iroquois went on shore. They drew their canoes up close together, and began to fell trees with poor axes. Thus they barricaded themselves very well.

"Our forces also passed the entire night, their canoes being drawn up close to each other and fastened to poles that they might not get separated, and might be in readiness to fight. We were upon the water within narrow range of the barricades.

"When the Iroquois were armed and in array, they dispatched two canoes by themselves to the enemy to inquire if they wished to fight, to which the latter replied that they wished for nothing else; but that at the present there was not much light and that it would be necessary to wait for daylight. As soon as the sun rose they would offer battle.

"To this we agreed. Meantime the entire night was spent in dancing on both sides, with endless insults and other talk as to how little courage we

had, how feeble a resistance we could make against their arms, and that when day came we should realize our ruin.

"Ours also were not slow to retort, telling them that they would see such an execution of arms as never before, together with an abundance of such as is not unusual in the siege of a town.

"After this singing, dancing, and bandying of words on both sides to the fill, when day came, my companions and myself continued under cover for fear the enemy would see us.

"We arranged our arms in the best way possible, being, however, separated each in one of the canoes of the savage Montagnais.

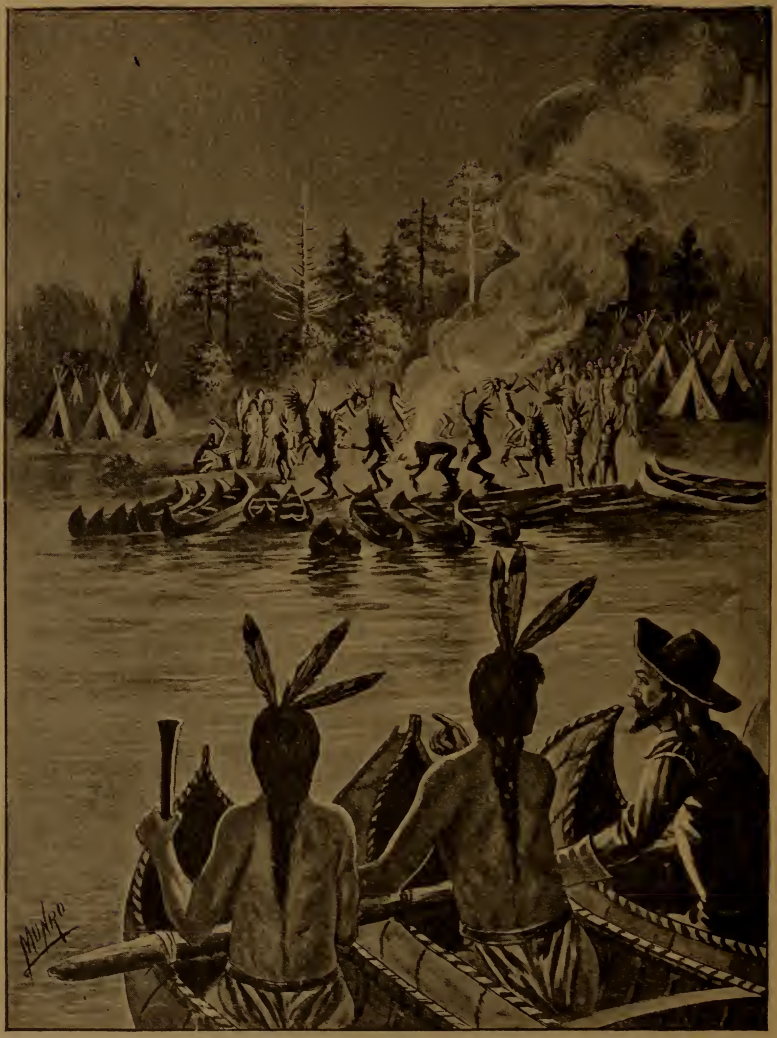
"After arming ourselves in light armor, we each took an arquebuse and went on shore. I saw the enemy go out of their barricade, two hundred in number, stout and rugged of appearance. They came at a slow pace towards us, three chiefs at their head. Our men also advanced in the same order, telling me that those with three large plumes

were the chiefs, that they had only these three, and that they could be distinguished by the plumes, which were much larger than those of their companions, and that I should do what I could to kill them.

"I promised to do all in my power, and said I was very sorry that they could not understand me, so that I might give order and shape to their mode of attacking their enemies, as then we should without doubt defeat them all. But since this could not be obviated, I should be very glad to show my courage when we should engage in fight.

"As soon as we had landed they began to run for some two hundred paces towards their enemies, who stood firmly, not having as yet noticed my companions who had gone into the woods with some savages.

"Our men began to call me with loud cries; and in order to give me passage way they opened in two parts and put me at their head, where I marched some twenty paces in advance of the rest. When I was within thirty paces of the enemy they at once



THE ENTIRE NIGHT WAS SPENT IN DANCING.

noticed me and, halting, gazed at me as I did also at them.

"When I saw them make a move to fire at us, I rested my musket against my cheek, and aimed directly at one of the chiefs. With the same shot two fell to the ground; one so wounded that he died soon after.

"I had loaded my musket with four balls. When our side saw the shot so favorable to themselves, they raised so loud cries that one could not have heard it thunder.

"Meantime the arrows flew on both sides. The Iroquois were greatly astonished that two men had been killed so quickly, although they were equipped for battle with armor made from cotton cloth with wood which was proof against arrows. This caused great alarm among them.

"As I was loading again, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods that so astonished them anew that, seeing their chief dead, they lost courage and took to flight, abandoning their camp and

fort, and fleeing into the woods, whither I pursued them, killing still more of them and taking ten or twelve prisoners. The remainder escaped with the wounded.

"After gaining this battle our men amused themselves with taking a quantity of corn and meal from our enemies, also their arrows, which they had left behind that they might run better. After feasting, dancing, and singing, we returned three hours after with our prisoners."

Such reports as this, together with most vivid drawings, at which Champlain was a genius, fired the ambition of the French people to push on into the new country, which was inhabited by such strange simple people as these Indians seemed to be.

"These people are heathens," said the zealous monks; "we must go to them and teach them the true religion."

"There are vast fields for fur trading farther west," said the more secular minded; "these people are hunters and can help us to gather skins."

And so both priests and traders pushed on from the Great Lakes into the territory of the Northwest. It was not very long before the Falls of St. Mary had been reached and a brisk trade with the red men established at the outlet of Lake Superior.

These traders were kind and fair in their dealings with the Indian, and it was fortunate they were; otherwise, when eighteen years later good Fathers Marquette, Hennipin, and Joliet pushed their canoes down the lake again, their welcome might not have been so cordial.

But as it was, the red men, remembering the first visit of the French, received Marquette and Joliet, his companion, gladly. They made huts for them; they brought them food and bear skins, and made them warm and comfortable the whole long winter.

It was in 1661 that Marquette had left his home in France to come to this new country; for news of the new discoveries and the strange heathen people had reached him even in his quiet monastery. "I must go to these people," he said at once; and from

A TRADING POST.

that time forth no other desire had Marquette in his heart than to reach these red men.

The red men from the beginning felt Marquette's love for them; for from the very day of his coming among them they lived together in peace, and it was not very long before they loved and trusted him, and were eager to learn all that he was so eager to teach them.

For three happy years Marquette dwelt among the red men; and during that time he heard much of a great river—the Father of Waters, the Indians called it—somewhat farther west. "There are wild men living along the banks of the river," the Indians said; "they fight every tribe that approaches them; and they scalp and burn their captives."

But Marquette longed to reach these wild men and to teach them better ways of living. The more he heard of them the more he was convinced that he ought to go to them and carry the gospel of loving brotherhood. So after a long time Marquette, with Joliet and a few companions, set out from their safe

home at Green Bay Mission, and journeyed down rivers and across country to the Mississippi. It was a wonderful journey, and strange and wild indeed were the people they found up and down the banks of the Mississippi. So wild and warlike were they, indeed, that Marquette, even when near the mouth of the Mississippi, turned back rather than have the records of the journey lost. And it was on his return that he heard of the Illinois River. "It is a large river; and it will make your journey shorter," the friendly natives of the upper Mississippi told the explorers; and glad of any route that would shorten the journey, they paddled up the Illinois, and so discovered it for the French.

"Truly," Joliet wrote, "we have seen nothing like the fertility of this river valley. As far as we can see, lie green fields, level, and rich in soil. The forests are dense; wild birds and cattle roam up and down the prairies; and wild deer and water birds rest upon the river banks."

At Green Bay, Marquette, ill from long exposure

to all kinds of weather, sank exhausted. He could go no farther; but he begged Joliet to push forward to Quebec and tell them there what a wonderful country they had found. Joliet did push on, though the way was full of danger. At one time his canoe was overturned in the treacherous rapids of the St. Lawrence and many valuable records of the journey were lost; but Quebec was reached at last, and the wonderful story told.

Then there was great rejoicing among the French people. The Cathedral was thrown open, and services of praise and thanksgiving were held. Bells were rung, flags were floated, and peals of cannon rolled out across the great St. Lawrence. It was nearly a year before Marquette grew strong and well enough to come out from his cabin again; but as soon as he could even walk about the little village he said to his people, "There are red men on the Illinois that need me — and I told them I would come back to them. I would not like to deceive this simple people; so let us go back to them at

once." "But, good Father, you are not yet able," his friends pleaded. "If I am to be well again, I shall grow well there,— if I am not to be well again, then let me hasten that I may reach there before I die. These Illinois red men must not think we would deceive them." And so the zealous monk set forth again. Two companions he took with him; and together they dragged their canoe across the country. It was November when at last they reached the lake, and the winds were blowing across it — cold and biting, then as now.

Already there was ice upon the lake and the foaming waters were lashing themselves against the shores. Still the little canoe pushed on till the Chicago River was reached. Here Marquette again sank exhausted; and the little party was unable to move farther. The red men, seeing the white men, went down to the river; and with the help of Marquette's companions, they made for the sick man a rough little cabin and laid him upon a bed of moss and dried leaves. All winter long Marquette lay

there, sick and suffering. "Let them come in," he would say to his companions, when the red men would come to the cabin to bring his food. And so when he could, he talked with the red men and told them why he had come. He taught them his own religion and pleaded with them to be kind and loving with each other; to cease from bloodshed, and to live together in peace and brotherly love.

How these simple red men loved the good Marquette! How they watched over him and cared for him! "They brought me back to life," Marquette used to say. And, indeed, it would seem as if they did; for in the spring time the dying man rallied, and again the little party pushed on towards those Indian camps which Marquette had visited as he came up the Illinois.

At the Kankekee dwelt a tribe of Indians, three thousand strong; and it was to this camp that Marquette and his companions came. The red men had not forgotten him; but like trustful children had watched and waited all winter long. And when

now he had come, they fell at his feet, so great was their joy to see him. They brought him food and prepared a cabin for him. They seated themselves in a great circle around him and listened to his words of love and wisdom.

For a few months Marquette lived here with the red men, teaching them. But as the summer died away, again his strength failed. Even the red men could see the *pale-face* had not long to live; and so when he asked them to take him back to Green Bay to die, they went to work to make his canoe ready. They lined it with soft skins and spread a canopy over it; then, silent and sad, the chiefs went with him down the river, back to the lake, and on towards Green Bay. It was a very slow journey; for often Marquette was forced to rest for days upon the shore.

Then the faithful red men would build great fires for warmth, and wrapping the sick man in skins and blankets, would lay him upon a bed of leaves and moss before the fires, that he might grow warm and

gather strength. So they carried him on until Green Bay at last was reached. Then the faithful Indians left him with his companions; and, still silent and sad, turned back to their homes.

There was but a short distance farther to go; but Marquette's life was fading fast. "I am afraid we shall not reach the Mission," he said; "I wish it might have been." One evening, just as the sun was sinking below the water's edge, Marquette's companions lifted him once more, and for the last time, from the canoe. For that night Marquette died; and they buried him upon the sunny hillside, wrapped close in his priestly robes, as he had asked them to bury him; and over his grave they read the burial service and tolled the Mission bell Marquette carried always with him.

"He is dead," the companions said, when they reached the Mission; "and we buried him upon the hillside."

"Let us go and bring him home," the red men said simply. And at once thirty canoes were made

ready to go back down the lake to the burial place. And so the body of Marquette was brought to the Green Bay Mission and was buried again, this time beneath the little chapel which he himself had built.

At the time the news of Marquette's great discovery was brought to Quebec, there was in Canada an enthusiastic, energetic young man named La Salle, who had come over from France fired with ambition to explore this new country across the ocean.

"Let us establish trading posts up and down this great river," La Salle said at once, when he heard the story Joliet had to tell.

"It might be well," said the cautious Governor-General. "Will you go back to France, report to the King, and ask for assistance to carry out these plans?"

"I will," was La Salle's hearty answer; and away he went to France to tell his story.

And he must have told it well; for the King not only gave him the assistance he asked, but gave him permission to rebuild Fort Frontenac, and also honored him with the title, *Chevalier*.

And so Chevalier Robert La Salle came back to Canada. He rebuilt the fort, held it for two years, then went again to France. On this second visit, he was received with honor; more titles were showered upon him, and more extended privileges in the new country were given him.

Again he came to Canada, bringing with him his faithful Tonti, and at once set to work building a fort above the falls of Niagara, which falls he himself had discovered not very long before. Not one hour did the energetic La Salle waste; for before he had been a week at work on the fort, he had begun the building of a vessel that should carry him westward, up the lakes toward the region of the Illinois.

Now the coat of arms of the La Salle family in

France was a griffin; and for this reason La Salle named his new boat *The Griffin*. In due time it was sailing westward, bearing upon its deck the daring Chevalier, his faithful Tonti and many other brave companions.

Very slowly and carefully they made their way along the lakes; for no one knew their depths and shallows, since never before had their waters been stirred by other vessels than the tiny canoes of the red men. By and by these brave navigators came upon an island. Red men lived there; and when they saw the white men coming, they ran down to the shore to welcome them. "Marquette! Marquette!" they shouted; and from this La Salle knew that Marquette must some time have visited the island.

"See to it," La Salle said to his companions, "that we do not disappoint these simple people. Do them no harm. Be kind to them even as Marquette has been." So the boat drew near and anchored; small boats were lowered, and the Frenchmen went ashore.

STATUE OF LA SALLE, ERECTED IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

The natives received them warmly, bringing food and furs for them. The Frenchmen, too, were cordial and generous. They heaped presents upon the red men — knives and beads and colored cloths, such as the red men loved.

Then trade was opened with these red men, and the boat was loaded with furs and sent back to the fort, while La Salle and a few companions went on in canoes farther up the lakes.

"Unload the cargo and come back to overtake us," had been La Salle's command when the boat left the island and turned back.

But now whole weeks had gone by. No boat had returned. Winter was coming on, and already La Salle and his men had tasted the bitterness of the winter winds upon the lakes. Once, driven upon the shore by the storms, the men had lived four days without food; and already many of them were rebellious. How they watched the east for the coming of *The Griffin*—these suffering, starving heroes!

But alas! *The Griffin* did not come. Nor did it

ever come; and to this day no trace of it has ever been found. It never reached the fort and no man ever knew its fate.

"We must stay here," said La Salle, "until spring opens;" and so the men set to work to build a fort, and the little band crept within its shelter — now their only hope. But La Salle himself was not content to waste even the winter time; so with a few faithful ones he pushed on in his canoe to Lake Peoria. "Here," La Salle said, "we saw an excellent site for a trading post; and though we had little heart to begin, we set to work to build another fort for shelter; and we named it Fort Crevecœur, which means broken-hearted, for indeed we were broken-hearted, one and all."

But no sooner had this fort been completed and the men safely garrisoned, than La Salle, with only five men, turned back, meaning to make his way to Fort Frontenac for food and supplies.

"I shall build another vessel," this unflinching hero said to his men, "and come back to you.

While I am gone, go on westward. Search for the great river. Should you find it, we will build a great vessel and follow it to its outlet. Who knows but it may prove to be the Northwest Passage!"

And so La Salle left his men and turned back. Now, among La Salle's companions was good Father Hennepin, one of those who had accompanied Marquette on his voyage up and down the Mississippi; and it was to Father Hennepin's care and wisdom that La Salle entrusted the expedition in search of the Northwest Passage.

"I shall know that all that can be done will be done," were La Salle's parting words; "and when by and by I shall return with more men and supplies, let me be greeted with news of a great discovery. Such news would indeed pay me a thousand times over for all the suffering and disappointments of the past."

So La Salle set out; and hardly was he out of sight before the faithful Father Hennepin began his preparations for pushing westward. Only two

companions did he take with him; but their canoe was well stored, their hearts were brave, and the sun shone down brightly upon them the morning they set sail, as if to give them God-speed.

They had sailed but a little way when they met canoes filled with Illinois Indians. The white men were received by these most cordially, and for a few miles the canoes glided on, side by side.

"Oh, good Father," begged the friendly chiefs, do not go on into these unknown waters. Dread dangers await you — dangers such as white men know not of. There are terrible birds, with poisonous claws, which watch to swoop down upon the canoes of the children of the Great Spirit. There are rabbits with talons like eagles; and there are winged buffaloes waiting to fly with their prey across the plains; and in the water, too, there are terrible creatures with sharp teeth and tusks that will shatter the sides of the canoes. Whirlpools, too, there are, and rapids, and on the banks live tribes who kill and eat each other. Pray do not go!

Stay here and dwell in our wigwams and eat of our venison."

But Father Hennepin had heard all this before; he had heard it when, with Marquette, he had set forth down the Mississippi; and although his heart beat warmly towards the friendly Illinois, he knew full well how mistaken they were. Other dangers awaited him — that he knew — but not these. And so, bidding his dusky advisers good-bye, he pushed on with his men, in search of the Northwest Passage.

In due time they reached the Mississippi — and just in time to witness the breaking up of the vast sheets of ice on the river. Down they came — huge blocks — crushing and grinding, heaping themselves upon each other, sliding and falling. It was a wonderful sight. "We stood," Father Hennepin wrote, "awestruck before the mighty mass. Nor could I have believed such sheets of ice could have formed except in the frozen waters of a northern sea."

Around the tree-covered islands at the mouth of the Illinois River, were drifted masses of wood and moss and trunks of trees — heaps on heaps — brought down by the mighty current.

Here the brave little band waited until the river was clear; then they set out up the Mississippi.

For several days the little boats passed on unmolested. But one day there came gliding around a sudden bend in the river a tribe of Indians in war paint and feathers. Thirty canoes full there were; and at sight of the three lone Frenchmen, they bore down upon them, yelling and howling and waving their tomahawks.

Escape was impossible. Resistance was worse than useless. Father Hennepin rose in his canoe and extended the calumet. That was the only hope; but the calumet was tossed aside, the canoe dragged ashore, its contents overhauled by the red men, the gifts of beads and bright colored cloth confiscated, and Father Hennepin and his companions were led away into captivity.

For several days the chiefs of the tribes counselled whether to tomahawk, burn, or shoot their captives; and the three white men knew full well their peril. Still they flinched not. Indeed, Father Hennepin, to convince his captors of his bravery, himself placed a tomahawk in the hands of the chief, and bowed his head before it.

Most pleasing was this to the Chief's crude idea of bravery; then, too, if a captive was so willing to die, there was far less pleasure and excitement in killing him; at least so the red men may have reasoned; for in a few days the Chief smoked the pipe of peace with his captives, and then, together, the white men and the red men started up the river.

To the white men it was a wonderful journey. Some days the warriors were kind to their captives, some days cruel. Some days they would feed them and pet them like favored children; some days they would starve and neglect them.

After a journey of many days, the whole tribe landed at a dreary little village encampment, where

they left their canoes and proceeded on foot still farther north.

The three Frenchmen had already been apportioned, one to each of the three chiefs; and now, loaded down with baggage, they were driven on like cattle before the tribe. Over hill and through forest, across rivers and into swamps, the tribe pressed on through the heavy snows, into the teeth of the biting wind.

"Often," so Father Hennepin wrote, "I was so benumbed with cold that I could not push my way; and so exhausted that I could not stand. At one time I fell beside the river bank, hoping to die there rather than to struggle on. But even this was not allowed me. One Indian came towards me, frowned down upon me, then quietly and without a word, set the grass on all sides of me on fire. 'Now,' said the savage, 'follow us or burn.'

"It seemed an endless journey; but at last we reached the home of our captors. It was not a successful returning of these warriors, for they

brought no scalps, no prisoners — only three helpless canoe-men who had never harmed them, never resisted them, and who had come into their country loaded with presents, and intending nothing but to explore the rivers and peacefully return to their own country.

"The Indians seemed to feel that they had little to boast of; and therefore determined to make as grand a parade of us as could be made. They dressed us in feathers and war paints, placed gourds in our hands, and bade us dance and sing.

"And as we neared the village, though they could not make their 'scalp-haloo', nor give the yell that would indicate to the women in the village that stakes should be built and fires made ready, they yelled and shouted, making the forests and the hills to echo and re-echo with their brutal whoops.

"And now, alas! came a sorrow, harder for us to bear than either cold or starvation. On reaching the village, our band of warriors broke up, and the chiefs with their followers went away, each to his

"NOW," SAID THE SAVAGE, "FOLLOW US OR BURN." 48

own village; then it was we learned that henceforth we were to be separated, each one of us to be carried away to the village of the chief to whom we had been given.

"There was no escape; hardly were we permitted to say farewell to each other; but were hurried off across marshes, over hills, and through forests, to our various villages, each several miles from the others.

"So, for many long months I dwelt here in this little village, often wondering if ever a way should be made for me to escape; or, if it was indeed to be my lot to live out my days among these people.

"One day a messenger came from the other villages. We were bidden to embark and sail farther south in search of newer hunting grounds. Gladly did I prepare for this departure, hoping that at last we should be allowed to return to our own people.

"Our journey down the river was indeed hard to bear. I, with one of my former companions, was often in our canoe alone; yet we were forced on to

keep pace with the rapidly moving canoes of the Indians, with their ten and twelve paddles for each canoe.

"I hardly know how it came about; but my chief had grown to believe whatever I promised him. Therefore one day I said to him, 'Good friend, you have been very kind to me. I have been happy and contented among you for all these months. Now I wish to go back to my country with these five Frenchmen. I will come back again. And I will come with rich presents for your tribe.'

"I dared hardly hope for the ready permission the chief gave to my request. It was, I fear, the hope of presents rather than any better motive that induced him to allow me to depart. But, be that as it might, I was once more a free man; and most joyously did I start forth with my companions down the Mississippi to the Wisconsin, thence across the country, down the lakes to Montreal.

"The governor, who had believed me long since dead, stood thunderstruck. He took me with him to

his own home; and their I gave him a full account of my adventures, and proved to him the advantages of our discoveries."

But all this time, what was happening at Fort Crevecoeur? La Salle had left there, with the other men, his own faithful Tonti, and also two missionaries who should work among the Indians thereabout.

For some time all went well. The Indians seemed friendly, there was food in plenty, and the men were well sheltered. But one day an Indian lad came running into the village round about the fort, yelling and jumping high in the air. "The Frenchmen are upon us! The Iroquois! La Salle!"

And, impulsive, excitable creatures as they were, they were in a moment up and in arms. They yelled and howled and flourished their tomahawks. "On to the fort!" they cried.

The white men heard the uproar, and all too soon learned the occasion. Without a word, Tonti

rushed out from the fort into the midst of the excited throng.

"The enemy! The enemy!" he shouted, "Where are they? tell us! we will join you!"

The Indians were struck dumb. "You join us? Why, but you are the enemy!" they cried. "You — led by La Salle!"

"We! La Salle!" Tonti cried, pretending amazement, too; "La Salle is hundreds of miles away!"

But meantime the real enemy was close at hand. The hostile tribe was encamped only a short distance from the fort. "I will go to them," Tonti said.

It was a perilous thing to do; for the young warriors of the tribe were blood-thirsty, and were bent on massacre. No peace was possible; and Tonti and his men were soon glad to escape up the river, leaving the fort to the mercy of the savage foe. It was a terrible journey that followed. The wind was biting cold, the way unknown; and to complete the danger and discomfort, the little canoe failed them in their hour of need, so that they were

forced to leave it and make their way as best they could along the bank, carrying the little boat with them till they should reach a place where they dared stop to repair it.

For fourteen long days the little band pushed on through the wilderness, often losing their way and retracing it for miles, hungry, discouraged, and exhausted.

At last the little mission at Green Bay was reached, and the worn-out men sank down, glad indeed once more to feel the warmth of fire and taste the savor of food. For weeks they rested here, gathering up their strength and courage, that they might be ready again to set out when La Salle should bid them.

With the first signs of spring they pushed on towards Fort Mackinaw. La Salle was there; but he had already made his way to Fort Crevecoeur, and was now returning, sad at heart; for he knew not what had become of the brave men he had left there.

Tonti told his sad story of their winter to La

Salle; and La Salle told the story of his own weary journeying back and forth from Frontenac. Still neither La Salle nor his men seemed to have lost heart; and when La Salle stretching his right hand westward cried, "On! on to the Mississippi!" every man answered heartily and with a great shout of joy. "On! on to the Mississippi!"

That La Salle and his men did push on down the Father of Waters, we all know. And a grand success the voyage proved to be; for La Salle planted the French banner, and buried a leaden plate, upon which were engraved these words:

"Louis the Great Reigns. Robert, Cavalier, with Lord Tonti, Ambassador, Lenobia Membre, Ecclesiastic, and twenty Frenchmen first navigated this river from the country of the Illinois and passed through this mouth on the 9th of April, 1682."

From this time on, the great tract of land up and down the Mississippi was the noble property of the French. As Parkman has so strongly put it: "On that day the realm of France received a splendid

acquisition. The fertile plains of Texas; the vast basin of the Mississippi from its frozen northern springs to the sultry borders of the gulf — from the woody ridges of the Alleghanies to the bare peaks of the Rocky Mountains — a region of savannahs and forests, sun cracked deserts and grassy prairies, watered by a thousand rivers, ranged by a thousand warlike tribes, passed beneath the sceptre of the Sultan of Versailles."

Such, and a great deal more that we cannot here take time to touch upon, were the sufferings and the heroism that led to a knowledge of the rivers and the lands of this unknown country, of which our Illinois is now so nearly the centre. Such were the first means through which it came about in time that trading posts were established up and down the rivers; that both the English and the French began to look with deep commercial interest upon the section; and that in time the Chicago Portage, as we shall learn later, became the one central point of eastern interest.

FORT DEARBORN.
1803.

"O, city by the inland sea,
Chicago,
Grand monument of industry,
Chicago,
Gath'ring gladly from all lands,
For the love of thee,
Chicago."

"O, city by the inland sea,
Columbia has chosen thee
To proudly say, "I WILL,"
And all prophecy fulfill,
Mighty city by the inland sea."

Did you ever see the Rush Street Bridge in Chicago at the foot of Wabash Avenue? There is nothing remarkable about it, you will say. No; there are other bridges quite as good in and about Chicago.

And still, there was a time, only a few years ago, when every stranger coming to the city paid a visit

to the Rush Street Bridge. He would not be content to leave Chicago until he had visited that neighborhood.

Sometimes strangers go there now. There seems little to see; still the visitors look and look.

And this is what they say: "So this is Chicago's oldest historical site!" Or, "So this is where Chicago began! Well, well, well!"

There is one old Chicagoan who still lives not very far from this bridge. He knew Chicago when it was only a town; and he is very proud of the great city.

"You see," he says, "the city and I grew up together. That makes me love it.

"Right here, where this south abutment of the bridge now is, the old light-house keeper's little home stood. Just beyond, was the tall, white light-house tower. And just across a little road from that stood the old Fort."

Old Fort Dearborn! Yes, that is why strangers even now go down to the Rush Street Bridge; for

that spot has had a noble history; and there was a time when no fort in the land meant so much to the country as did old Fort Dearborn.

It is hard to believe, as we stand on the Rush Street Bridge to-day, that only a few years ago there were prairies and trees and green fields as far as the eye could see; that the air was clear and sweet, and that the only smoke was that from the Indian camps, scattered here and there up and down the prairie. But so it was; and so it might be now — who knows? — had it not been for the Chicago River. Flowing as it does into the lake, the site was early discovered and appreciated even by the Indians themselves. The French and the English fur traders, too, were quick to see the convenience and usefulness of the river; so that from the very beginning the *Chicago Portage* was important. And when, later, the Mississippi valley became the property of our people, the government, recognizing the value of this portage, sent men to build a fort there. "For," said they, "the Chicago Portage will

some time, as our country grows westward, come to be a commercial centre."

No Chicago boy or girl needs now to be told that these early prophecies were wise ones. We only wonder if these early prophets knew how wise they were.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were no white people living farther west than Detroit; but the government had bought from the Indians a piece of land six miles long on the western shore of the lake, near its southern end; and it was there the fort was to be built.

There were Indians in the forest round about; and one day these red men were surprised to see a great white schooner coming down the lake. They all ran down to the shore, staring in grim wonder.

"Big bird!" said one Indian.

"Canoe with wings," grunted another; and not until the men began to land with guns and the boats had been loaded with the schooner's cargo, did the red men creep back to their own camps. Then the

schooner sailed back to Detroit, and the history of Chicago had begun.

The little band of men set at once to work. First, a block-house must be built, and the grounds must be enclosed by palisades high and strong.

So they chose a site for the fort, and set to work hauling the logs and driving the stakes.

They had neither horses nor cattle to help them; had they, the hauling of logs would have been quite easy and they might have built their fort with greater speed.

But when the men had to "play horse" as the children say, fasten the ropes around their own waists, and drag the logs themselves, it was not quite so easy building forts as we might think The men were brave and plucky, however, and often their shouts and laughter rang out over the lake, as they dragged the big logs along. All the summer and all the fall they worked, day in and day out, never forgetting, day or night, to keep a watch upon the savages lurking in the forests round about;

for the red men did not love the white men over much, you know, and did not always favor their presence on the western prairies.

But when the first frosts came, the fort was finished, and the men were in comfortable quarters.

Very wise had those men been in the choice of the site for their fort. On one side of the palisades lay a branch of the Chicago River; on another lay a broad swamp; on another were treacherous sands beneath which the waters of the river made their way.

These three sides of the fort were not, then, easily approached by an attacking enemy; and besides all this, the men had built a sallyport, as they called it — that is, an underground passage — from the block-house down to the river.

Thus protected, the little garrison settled into its new quarters for the winter.

Fort Dearborn was now the farthest settlement in this North West; and people spoke of it as "away out west." Wonderful stories were told

of it, and adventurous men from here and there began to gather around the fort. By and by, a little village was formed, and already the settlers began to speak of their new home by its Indian name — Chicago.

STORY OF JOHN KINZIE.

The first man settler to come to Chicago was John Kinzie. Now, John Kinzie had led an adventurous life, even from boyhood; and when he came out here into the wilderness, he came, no doubt, from love of adventure. But he proved himself a brave and sturdy man, not afraid to work for his new home; and Chicago's historians are proud now to speak of him as the first citizen of Chicago.

John Kinzie was born in Quebec; but when only five years old went with his mother to live in New York. New York, in those days, was little more than a town, and John's adventurous soul longed for greater freedom; so one day he boarded a vessel bound for Albany, and from there made his way back to Quebec.

He was a little fellow; and many a time — so he used to say afterwards — he would have been glad to creep into his own bed at home and be sure of a warm breakfast in the morning. But he was a plucky lad; and having reached Quebec, he was bound to stay.

It was not very long before he found work with a silversmith; and there, hard at work, he lived in Quebec until he was a young man.

Now, during all these years the fur traders were making stations here and there west of the Alleghanies, where the Indians might come to sell the skins their hunters had prepared.

Wonderful Indian stories these fur traders had to

tell of their life at the stations; and whenever one of them came to Quebec, every man, woman, and child were eager to hear about the red men and the marvelous adventures of the white men among them.

All this was sweet music to John Kinzie's restless soul; and away he went to Detroit — then a little village — the most western of the fur-trading stations.

This life was more to his taste than that of a silversmith had been; and he soon made friends with all the Indian traders round about. He went hunting with them; he gave them tobacco and bright colored beads; he invited them to the camp; and soon the Indians became the best of friends with the "white brave" as they called him.

One day there came into the camp an old chief from Chillicothe. With him were two maidens — sunburnt, weather-beaten and dressed in Indian squaw fashion, to be sure; but still very beautiful white maidens for all that.

ONE DAY THERE CAME INTO CAMP AN OLD CHIEF FROM CHILLICOTHE. 66

"They are beautiful," said John Kinzie. "It is wrong for them to be brought up like Indian squaws;" and the man's generous, honest heart was filled with pity for them.

With John Kinzie was a young Scotchman — James Clark; and these two brave hearted lads had many a long talk over the beautiful maidens.

"They should be rescued," John would say.

"They should," James would say.

"Margaret is very beautiful," John would say.

"Yes, but Elizabeth is more beautiful," James would answer again.

"You and I have been adventurers long enough," said John at last; "and for my part I should like a home."

Well, nobody quite knows all these two men said; but in the end this is what happened. The old Chief went back to his home alone; James and John built two snug little cabins, and Margaret and Elizabeth took their respective places in them, the proudest of home-makers and housewives.

For five happy years these four people lived on in their little log houses. Then one day there came into the village an old man. He was bent, and gray, and feeble. "They tell me," he said, "that my two children — my Margaret and Elizabeth — are living here in Detroit; and I have come all the way from Virginia to see if it be true."

Now Margaret and Elizabeth — as you have, perhaps, already guessed — had been stolen from their home long before when they were little children. In vain had the father tried all these years to find them; they had been carried beyond the Alleghanies into the tribe of the Shawanese, and he could get no trace of them.

The Shawanese chief had been kind to them always; but the little girls had never forgotten their old home, and had often wondered, as they grew up, if they should ever know where this home had been, or should see their father and mother again.

There was then great joy in the two little cabins,

when the old father came to Margaret and Elizabeth; and for a long time he dwelt among the simple people of Detroit. Each morning he would say, "I must go back to Virginia;" but the next morning still found him in the home of his children.

At last, one morning he said "Each day for weeks I have meant to go back to my home. But it will be very lonely there. For twenty years I searched for my children.

"Never an Indian entered my village, that I did not say to him, "Do you know of two little girls, taken captive in the Dunmore war? Are they still alive? Do they live among your people? Are they being brought up as slaves; or has some generous chief taken them to his wigwam, where they are treated kindly and protected from the cruelty of the tribe? But no one could tell me, and for many years I mourned them as dead.

"I am very old. I have not long to live. I wish it might be that my sons and daughters and those little grand-children would go home with me.

Virginia is a country of fine farms; the soil is rich, the climate is mild, and farms are plentiful."

But this picture of quiet comfort was not to the taste of John Kinzie and James Clark. Into the hearts of Margaret and Elizabeth, however, there came a great longing to see the old home they still remembered, and the friends who would greet them so warmly. The old father, too, they had grown to love; and when he spoke to them of his old age and his loneliness, their hearts filled with sorrow.

"Let us go home with him," they said to John and James; our hearts long to see the old home and our people, whom we have never known."

So it came about that the two daughters, with their children, went away with the old father, back to their home in Virginia.

Now, to go on a journey in those days was a great event. There were no railroads; the country was unexplored; the Indians lay in wait to spring upon the white people, as they traveled through the forests and over the mountains.

Margaret and Elizabeth, however, were used to danger and hardship; so, when they rode out from Detroit, their hearts were brave. "Good-by!" they said, to their husbands and all the friends who watched them setting forth upon the journey, "good-by! We shall come back again. Have no fear for us!"

Now, all this time, the Chicago Portage was coming more and more to be talked of among the Detroit traders. The Fort had stood now for many years, and the fur trade had prospered.

History does not tell us why; but it happened that Margaret and Elizabeth never returned from their visit to Virginia. Although the old father died, they seemed to prefer the peace and civilization of a settled country rather than a frontier life of hardship and danger.

And so it was that Kinzie, again alone and free to wander at his pleasure, left Detroit and went to St. Joseph's. There he married again, and when the success of the Chicago Portage was assured,

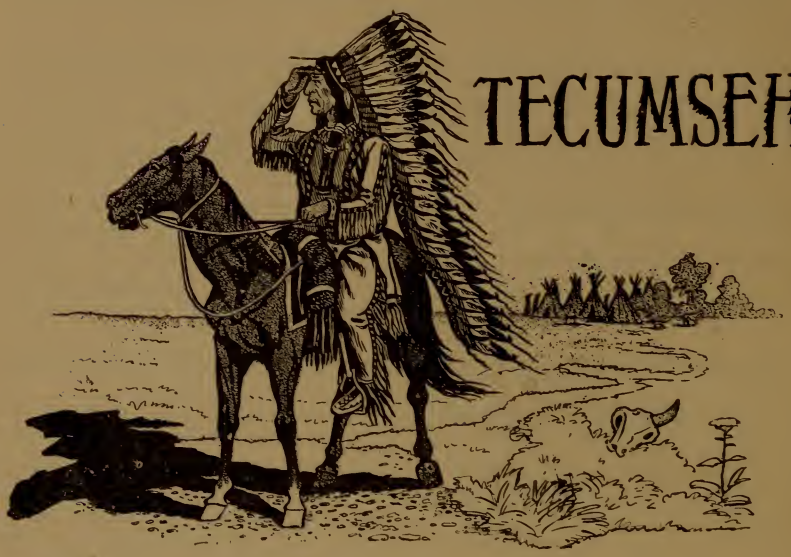
and the Indians had proven their friendliness so that it seemed safe to build homes outside the fort, John Kinzie set forth with his wife and baby boy for the new settlement.

It was a long, hard journey. All such household goods as were portable were heaped upon the backs of horses. Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie each had a horse; and in a big bag, hung on the horn of Mr. Kinzie's saddle, the baby was placed. In this odd fashion, camping at night, the family made their way across the wild prairie, along the Indian trail, to their new home at Fort Dearborn. John Kinzie was an energetic man. In a very few days a cabin was built, and the Kinzie family — the first residents of Chicago — were settled in their new home.

From a French trader, Kinzie bought a trading station, and began at once a brisk business with the Indians. Very soon he won their confidence, so upright were his dealings with them, and before very long John Kinzie began to be spoken of as a man of wealth.

Every year he improved his home. First it was only a little cabin with one room; then another room was added, and then another. Windows and real doors with hinges were added, the walls were made close and warm, by and by a frame building was made; till at last there stood upon the north bank of the river, opposite the fort, and facing the sunny south, a pretty little home — the first real American dwelling house ever built in the city of Chicago.

TECUMSEH



Tecumseh was a Shawanese chief. For a long time he had watched the advance of the white people into the territory of the Red Men.

Very willing were the tribes to sell an acre of their land from time to time, and to keep peace with the white men who were settled upon it. They gave no thought to the future; but were content with the tobacco and bright colored trifles which the

white men were always ready to give in exchange either for furs or for land.

But Tecumseh had more foresight than others of the simple red men of the western tribes. Every sale of land he regarded with disfavor; every new village that sprang up he watched with fierce hate and jealousy.

"We shall have no land left," he would say to his people. "Do you not see that every year these white men are pushing farther and farther west?"

Now Tecumseh had learned to read and write and count; and not a settlement was there through the entire North West that he did not know. He knew the traders far and near; he knew the number of people in each village. Most carefully he watched the increase in population; and when, in 1810, there were already more than twenty-four thousand white people where only a few years before there had been only a vast wilderness, his angry soul could endure no more.

And so Tecumseh set forth. Up and down

the country, from tribe to tribe, he rushed like a madman. Councils were held with chiefs, and multitudes of red men were called together to listen to the torrent of eloquence Tecumseh was ever ready to pour out upon them.

With Tecumseh was a brother, wise and cunning. He claimed for himself wonderful powers. He could see spirits and hear spirit voices. By the spirits he was warned of the danger in store for the red men. He could read the future; and he urged the people to rise, even as Tecumseh should bid them, and go forth, thousands strong, to overcome and drive back the intruding white men.

"Rise, rise!" he said to one reluctant tribe; "else to-morrow, in the midst of the daylight, the sun will hide its face, and there will fall a deep shadow upon the earth."

The red men sneered and went back to their wigwams. The next day dawned bright and clear. Higher and higher, brighter and brighter, climbed the sun up the eastern sky.

"We see no shadow," the red men said; and they laughed to think how wise they had been, and how foolish were those tribes who had been frightened by the prophet's words.

But even as they spoke, a strange light began to creep over the land. They looked up to the sun — there was a shadow upon it! Darker and darker grew that shadow! The yellow noon-day light changed to a dark gray twilight! There were strange shadows everywhere!

"It is as the great prophet said!" they whispered. "The Great Spirit is angry with us!" And, trembling with fear, the chiefs hurried to Tecumseh and pledged themselves to join the federation to carry war against the white men.

"Now the shadow will be lifted," said the prophet. And the shadow was lifted; and from that day the prophet's authority over the red men was established. Such was the advantage that a wise man had always, even from the beginning, over the simple-hearted, superstitious red men.

It was in the spring of 1808 that these two Indian leaders set up their tents on the Tippecanoe, not far from the Wabash.

Here the prophet made his abode, and chiefs for hundreds and hundreds of miles around came to him for advice. From this station Tecumseh journeyed north, south, east, and west, stirring up the tribes, and planning the great war of the red men against the white men.

All this the white men, everywhere through the west, watched with no little dread. Tecumseh had great influence among his people, the white men well knew; and an Indian war was a thing to be dreaded, even by the bravest.

For a long time there was no outbreak, even upon the frontiers. Tecumseh was hard at work, night and day; but the time had not yet come.

Once, when Governor Harrison sent a message to the Shawanese, it was received with bitterness and the messengers sneered at as dogs.

All this showed that trouble was brewing, and

that plans for vengeance were in the hearts of the Indians.

Again messengers were sent. "How dare you," thundered one of the chiefs of the red men, "come into our presence! You are spies! Right here is your grave! Look at it!"

But just then Tecumseh himself came forward, saying to the messengers, "Fear not; my people shall not harm you here. Go back to Governor Harrison and tell him that I shall come to talk with him at Fort Vincennes."

In a few days Tecumseh, with seventy-five of his bravest warriors, did come into the presence of Governor Harrison. For more than a week the red men dwelt in the camp among the white men, and during all that time Tecumseh stalked among them, stern and solemn.

Not once did he allow himself to talk with the white men; not once did he forget his dignity as one aggrieved. At last he spoke to the white men assembled before the Governor.

"Years ago," said he, "you white men made a peace with us. But since then you have killed many of the Shawanese, and you have taken our lands. How can we, then, keep peace with the white men? You force us to do you injury. You do not want us to band together against you. You try to set our tribes one against the other. You would make us fight each other. We red men never do that to your people.

"You are driving us west. You would drive us into the lake. We are forbidding the chiefs of our tribe to sell you any more land. You must not try to buy it. If you do, we shall make war upon you. We cannot give our land to you; for then there would be no home for the red men."

Poor Tecumseh! He could not understand. He could only see that there was danger ahead for his people.

Then Governor Harrison tried to talk with him. "Think," said he, "how the cruel Spaniards treated you in the past. And the French! How little have

they cared for your rights or for your comfort. Compare our treatment of your people with that of these other nations."

But Tecumseh was only maddened by these words. He sprang to his feet with a true savage yell, and seized his tomahawk. His companions sprang to his side, their knives glittering.

Quickly Governor Harrison drew his sword, and his soldiers rushed upon the scene with sabres drawn. "Shame upon you, Tecumseh!" thundered the Governor, "to behave like a savage who knows nothing but savagery!"

Then Tecumseh and his men crept away, their faces black and revengeful.

"I forgot myself," said Tecumseh the next day. "I should not have grown angry; but there can be no peace. The chief* of your people may sit in his great wigwam and drink his wine; but you and I, Governor Harrison, out here on the western frontiers, must fight it out."

Nor did Tecumseh, even for a moment, swerve

* The President.

"SHAME UPON YOU, TECUMSEH!" THUNDERED THE GOVERNOR. 82

from his purpose. Already thousands of red men had pledged to join against the white men, and the times were full of danger.

About this time, too, a war broke out between the English and the Americans — the War of 1812, and Tecumseh, his confederacy now organized, joined forces with the British against the Americans. All the frontier forts were reinforced, Fort Dearborn among the rest, and war was threatened everywhere.

During John Kinzie's eight years at Fort Dearborn, he had won the love and confidence of the Indian tribes for miles about; still, under the excitement of war and spurred on by Tecumseh, no one could tell what even these friendly Indians might do.

There were many families in the village of Chicago now, and all looked to Kinzie for advice and protection.

At the risk of his own life, Kinzie set off among the neighboring tribes to strengthen, if possible, their

loyalty; or, at least, to find what the people at the fort might expect from them. Even those tribes who had been most friendly had little to say; and when Kinzie spoke to them of the war and of themselves, they sat in sullen silence.

"We cannot depend upon these red men," was all Kinzie could say when he came back to the Fort.

One day an Indian came into the Fort upon some errand. As he looked at the women and children, he said, "In a few days these women will be hoeing in our corn fields; and the children will be our captives." This certainly was not encouraging; and close watch from that time on was kept upon the outskirts.

86 STATUE COMMEMORATING THE MASSACRE AT FORT DEARBON, ERECTED IN CHICAGO.

Among the tribes that fell in all too readily with the scheme of Tecumseh were the Winnebagoes on the Rock River. For a long time they lurked in the forests round about, watching their chance for an attack upon Fort Dearborn. It was their plan to surround the settlement, attack first the outlying houses, then sweep in upon the others, destroying them all, even to the very palisades.

It was one afternoon, just at dusk, that twelve

Indians came across the prairie, entered the house of a white man named Lee, and sat down in solemn silence. This, of itself, was nothing, for the Indians often came into the houses like this. And, although their manners were not quite like those of white people when making calls, the settlers understood and received them always with hospitality.

But on this occasion there was something unusual in the behavior of the red men. They said nothing, but sat in grim silence; and in their eyes was a fire that boded evil to the settlement. At least, so two women of the Lee family thought, who, pretending to leave the house to feed the cattle, ferried themselves across the river and hurried to the Fort. On their way, the two women called to every household, "To the Fort! To the Fort! The Indians! The Indians."

In one house a woman lay weak and sick. Beside her sat Mrs. Kinzie, when the terrible news reached their ears. Fleeing to her own house, with speed born of the moment of terror, Mrs. Kinzie rushed in

upon her household, gasping, "The Indians! The Indians are coming!"

John Kinzie sat playing with his children about him. Seizing his gun, he rushed out into the town. Who should go to the rescue of the sick woman and her children!

"I will go!" shouted Ensign Ronan, "I will go, while you, Kinzie, hurry your people into the Fort and give the signal to all on the outskirts!"

Leaping into a boat, with six brave soldiers, Ronan rowed up the river, and even under the very eyes of the red men rescued the poor helpless woman and her children, and brought them safely back to the Fort.

Now the gun was fired — the danger signal — from the Fort, and every settler on the outskirts, understanding well what it meant, hurried with his family to the Fort.

The Indians, finding their plot discovered, fell upon the Lee household with most brutal fury. When morning dawned, there lay the ruins of the

little home; and beside it the dead bodies of two white men.

"This is but the beginning," the people said; and every preparation was made for a siege.

Already the Fort was well supplied with food and ammunition. Orders were issued that no citizen or soldier should leave without a guard, and a line of sentinels was stationed up and down outside the Fort.

A few nights later, the Indians again crept into the settlement. The signal was given, and a volley of shot was poured upon them from the sentinels at the block-house. With a yell of fury, one Indian hurled his battle-axe towards one of the sentinels, then turned and fled; but in the morning the stains of blood upon the grass showed that the shots had not been fired in vain, though no Indian had fallen dead beneath them.

Weeks passed by, and no other attack was attempted. Scouts were sent out, but there seemed to be no further sign of trouble. The Indians were

busy with their farming and their hunting; and once more the settlers went back to their little homes. The Indians came and went as of old, the white men visited their camps, trade was renewed, and peace seemed to have again settled upon the community.

But there was trouble now at Detroit. General Hull, who was in charge of the American army there, had grave fears for the future. "Go," said he to Winnemac, a friendly Pottawatomie chief, "to Fort Dearborn, and warn Captain Heald of possible danger. Unless his forces and provisions are such that he can stand alone against attack, advise him to retreat to Fort Wayne at once."

Winnemac set forth, and for days and nights traveled on through the unbroken wilderness.

It was a most exciting announcement he brought from the east; and all the people from far and near flocked to the block-house to hear.

War had been declared against England! Another war! And the country had hardly recovered from the last. Already Michilimackinac had

fallen! The Indians were allying themselves by thousands to the English! Detroit itself was hard pressed!

Serious, indeed, was all this to the little Chicago settlement; for what could so few men, however brave, do, if left without hope of reinforcement!

"If the Fort must be evacuated," said Kinzie, "let it be done at once, before the report of Hull's condition reaches the Indians round about us."

"General Hull sends orders that all property in the Fort be distributed among the Indians," was Captain Heald's evasive answer.

"Leave all the goods and let the Indians distribute for themselves," said Winnemac. "But first take your people to Fort Wayne."

"That is right," said Ensign Ronan, for this fierce, fiery young officer often disapproved of Captain Heald, and seldom failed to express it.

But to all this Captain Heald made no reply. He sat in sullen silence.

On the next morning, at roll-call, he quietly

announced that the plan of delay, as previously stated by himself, would be carried out.

"The fool!" growled the impatient Ronan. "Does he not know that he is imperiling the lives of every man of us!"

"Our hold on Indian friendship is too frail for any such confidence in them," said another.

"Let us go and tell them we are at their mercy," sneered Ronan.

"I will distribute the goods and offer rewards to our Indian neighbors to escort us in safety to Fort Wayne," was Heald's only reply to these remonstrances from his officers.

"Better stay and risk attack than do that," said one officer bitterly.

"I could not do that, even if it seemed best," said Captain Heald; "for we have no provisions."

"But, Captain, you have cattle enough to last six months," cried Kinzie.

"We have no salt to preserve the meat with," answered Heald.

"Jerk it, then, as the Indians do their venison," cried one soldier angrily.

But Captain Heald was unmoved, and the precious hours for escape flew by. Hardly had the sun risen again before the savages began to show signs of insolence. Even the squaws looked in at the gate-ways and sneered.

It was three days after Winnemac's arrival before Captain Heald made ready a council with the Indians. The council was held outside the fort upon the parade ground, all the officers being present.

"If we are not all massacred on the spot, we may count ourselves fortunate," said Ronan; and indeed a massacre was not improbable, should opportunity occur. The cannons were loaded and turned upon the parade ground ready for use in case of trouble; sentinels were placed on watch; signals were agreed upon, and Heald and his officers went forth to meet the Indians.

"It seems best," said Captain Heald to the red

men, "to leave this fort and go to Fort Wayne. We want your escort from fort to fort. Not only shall you divide among yourselves all the goods, both in the fort and in the agency house, but on reaching Fort Wayne, you shall receive still greater reward."

To all this the Indians listened with stolid faces. What they thought no man could tell. But they promised all that Captain Heald asked of them, then went silently back to their own camp.

"What have you done, Captain, in giving these savages even the ammunition from the agency house!" cried Kinzie, as soon as the Indians were beyond hearing. "What if they should hear of the fall of Michilimackinac! What if Tecumseh should send messages to them! Do you not see that this ammunition would then be in their hands to use against us?"

At this Captain Heald seemed to awaken to a sense of possible danger. "Perhaps you are right, Kinzie," he said.

"Right! too right, I fear!" answered Kinzie.

"Then we must destroy the ammunition; that is the best we can do now," was all Heald could say.

The next day the Indians were called together and the goods from the fort distributed. "Come again to-morrow," said Captain Heald, "and you shall have whatever there is in the agency house."

"To-day! let us have it to-day!" clamored the red men.

"Not to-day;" and Heald sent them away angry and discontented. For the Indians were suspicious. They felt that, in sending them away, the white men meant to deprive them of the contents of the ageney house.

"We will watch," said they; and so, as soon as darkness fell, they crept back to the fort. They lay down flat in the grass and squirmed and crawled, serpent-like, close up to the fort. The garrison, too, were very still — as still as the Indians themselves — and they worked in the dark. The Indians, lying there in the grass, watched and listened. The white men were destroying the

muskets! And see! The ammunition! They were throwing it in the well! The Indians grew wild with anger. Their fierce eyes shone like fire. They clutched at the tall grass and hissed liked snakes.

But the white men were busy and saw nothing. They rolled the casks of fire water out from the store house. Very carefully they rolled them down to the river, and poured the contents over the bank. The fumes of fire water filled the air. It reached the Indians lying in the grass. It was to them like the smell of powder to a war horse. It aroused them to redoubled fury. They hissed and writhed; they muttered and growled and showered curses upon the treacherous white men, who not only were thus attempting to deceive them, but were wasting in the river current cask on cask of precious fire-water.

They wriggled through the grass up to the river bank. They lapped the soil over which the fire-water had poured; they drank the waters of the river, laden as they were with it. Infuriated, maddened

by the taste of the fire water, these spies crept back to their camp. Half drunk, they staggered into the presence of their chief and told him what they had seen.

Now, as we know, the Pottawatomies had been true to their peace compact with the white men, and even now their chief had hoped to hold back the young warriors of the tribe, who longed for vengeance upon one and all. But when the spies came into the camp smelling of fire-water and telling their tale of treachery, the young warriors would not be held back. They tightened their war belts, seized their tomahawks, and filled the air with threats.

Early in the morning Black Partridge, one of the braves of the Pottawatomie chiefs, came into the presence of Captain Heald.

"I come," he said, "to bring you this medal. You gave it to me, and I have worn it as a pledge of friendship to your people. But now my warriors are angry with you. You have deceived them. I

cannot restrain them. The tribe vows vengeance upon you; therefore I return the medal."

Black Partridge laid down the medal, and silently turned and went out from the Fort.

Not a man in the Fort spoke. Captain Heald bowed his head in sorrow. What should they do? Only one box of cartridges and twenty-five rounds of ammunition had been reserved from the general destruction, and little would this avail against an attack from the Pottawatomies.

But already, though the garrison knew it not, aid was near at hand. In the family of Captain Heald was a white man who had been brought up among the Indians. He had been captured by them when a lad of thirteen years, and had been adopted into the family of Little Turtle, a chief of character as true and noble as that of Black Partridge.

Little Turtle loved the white boy; and while he taught him to live the life of an Indian warrior, he taught him to despise meanness and cowardice and treachery.

Now Little Turtle was a brave and daring chief; and when the boy watched him, foremost always in honorable battle, straightforward, upright, kindly in his dealings with both friend and foe, he learned many a lesson of truest heroism from his half-savage friend and foster-father.

In that battle in which St. Clair fell, this man — William Wayne Wells — stood and fought with his red men — his adopted people — in the foremost ranks, till the dead bodies of the American artillerymen lay heaped around him like a barricade, shielding him from the bullets that poured in upon his people. No man, red or white, ever fought more valiantly, more bravely, more desperately for the cause he thought to be right.

But when this battle was over, and Wells lay in his wigwam alone and thought upon the great conflict between the white men and the red, he foresaw what the end must be. He realized the superiority of the white men; he knew their cause must win; and he knew, too, that it was right and best both

for the country and all mankind that it should win. So he went to Little Turtle and told him all that he thought; for to desert his adopted people unfairly and without the full consent of Little Turtle, his straightforward soul would never have permitted him to do. All night long Little Turtle and his adopted son talked of their past and their possible future. All that was in his heart to tell, Wells told to his good friend.

And in the end, Little Turtle grasped the young man's hand and said; "Go, my son, and do whatever the Good Spirit bids you; for it is He that speaks to us and tells us what is right for each of us to do."

And so it was that Wells, who had lived so many years with the Indians, and who loved his adopted people as his own, went out from the camp of Little Turtle and joined himself with the white forces under the command of General Wayne. This was during the revolution in 1794; and in the battles that followed his bravery made for himself a name that America will never forget.

But now again the Indian war whoop was ringing through the forest; again the white men and the red men were at war. From Fort Wayne news reached Wells of the danger at Fort Dearborn.

"The Healds are of my own family," he said to himself; "and even if they were not, I would go to their rescue in a time like this."

With fifteen Miamis he hastened to relieve the unfortunate garrison.

Never was reinforcement more welcome. For despair had settled down upon the little garrison, brave as it was. It was, of course, too late to defend the Fort. There was nothing for them to do but march out from it, assuming a courage that they had not, and, in the face of the Pottawatomies, angry and revengeful as they were, make a bold retreat toward Fort Wayne.

"First of all, go to sleep," said Wells to the worn-out garrison; "I will keep watch. You will need your strength, may be, to-morrow."

Early in the morning, August 15, 1812, the troops

were ready. At nine o'clock they were to march out. At daybreak a friendly Indian came rushing into the Fort. "Mr. Kinzie," he whispered, "The Pottawatomies are ready for an attack. Come with me — you and your family — and I will carry you to Fort Wayne by boat."

"Go," said Kinzie to his wife and children; "but I will march. The Pottawatomies have been friendly with me; it may be I can hold them, even now, in check."

But hardly had the boat reached the mouth of the river, when another messenger came running. "Stay here! Stay here!" he shouted to the boatman; then ran back toward the Fort.

There, at the mouth of the river, Mrs. Kinzie, clasping both her frightened children in her arms, waited. Out from the Fort the troops marched before the wagons containing the women and children. The mournful notes of the Dead March floated down the waters. Wells, his face blackened, as was the custom of his adopted tribe, marched

along at the head of his little band of Miamis, followed by the escort of about five hundred Pottawatomies, their faces set, but with no sign thus far of evil design.

All together they marched along the shore, until they came to a line of sand dunes stretching between the beach and the prairie. Here the company separated; for the Pottawatomies now turned towards the prairie, instead of keeping along the shore line with the troops and Miamis.

"What does that mean?" said Kinzie quickly. "We may be sure these red men do nothing without a meaning."

Meantime, Wells, riding ahead, was watching closely. Suddenly, with a whoop, he turned his horse back upon the troops.

"The attack! the attack!" he shouted. "They are ready! Charge upon them! Charge!"

And almost before the words were said, out there burst from the sand hills a volley of shot.

Another instant, and the troops charged upon

the bank and poured a deadly volley upon the crouching savages.

At the sound of the first shot, Wells' fifteen Miamis, panic stricken, fled. Straight up into the face of the chief of the Pottawatomies, Wells rode, brandishing his tomahawk and shouting in tones that rolled like thunder above the noise of battle:

"You are cowards! You have played a trick upon us! But I will come back! I will punish you for your treachery, even as the Great Spirit always punishes cowards and unfair warriors!"

And before even a rifle could be raised against him, Wells turned and galloped across the prairie in pursuit of his Miamis.

Hand to hand, man to man, the savages and the troops fought, drawing each other back and forth across the dunes. Five hundred savages, and a mere handful of troops to hold them back!

Ensign Ronan, one of the first to fall, staggered foward and fought till exhausted. Then the red men pressed through and fell upon the wagons.

One savage, with a howl like that of a beast, seized the wife of Helm and dragged her to the ground. She wrenched herself from his grasp, but his tomahawk fell upon her shoulder. Springing to her feet, strong in her agony of pain, she seized the Indian by the arm and hurled the scalping knife from his hand.

Just then, another savage seized upon her; and, dragging her to the lake, plunged her into the water and held her there.

"It is you! You! Black Partridge!" gasped Mrs. Helm; for indeed it was Black Partridge, and it was in this way that he had rescued her from the tomahawk of the enraged Indian.

It was a brief, hard struggle; bravely though the white men fought, with five hundred desperate, maddened savages against them, there could be but one end. By twos and threes, the white men fell beneath the tomahawks and scalping knives of the savage foe.

Hardly a third of the little band was now alive;

and these, knowing the hopelessness of their struggle, surrenderd, on condition that the women and children, such as were not already slain, should be unmolested.

When the firing ceased, Black Partridge dragged Mrs. Helm forth from the water, and placing her upon a horse, led her away captive. By her side walked a savage, from whose belt hung the scalp of the brave Wells, who had fallen fighting most bravely.

Fainting, the captive woman sank upon the ground before the wigwam of the chief, Wau-bee-nee-mah.

But already the plunder of the Fort had begun. The cattle had been shot down, and now lay dead and dying upon the ground among the men who had fought so desperately. And, although the savages had promised to spare the women and children and also the few remaining troops, they seemed to think their promise did not include those already wounded. These they seized upon as if

to vent their fury; nor did they cease until every man, woman and child lay dead before them.

All this time the family of Mr. Kinzie sat in the boat at the mouth of the river, unharmed.

"Harm not the wife of the Shaw-nee-aw-kee," Black Partridge had commanded before the battle had begun; and this command the savages had not forgotten, even in the fiercest of the fight.

In the boat, terribly wounded, covered with a great robe of buffalo, lay the wife of Captain Heald, who had been rescued by the boatman and hidden there.

By and by, there was once more quiet upon the prairie. The savages had wreaked their vengeance; and there was no further horror left for them to do.

The Kinzie family was carried back to the old Kinzie home, while the other captives lay bound in the wigwams of the red men. Here the Kinzies remained, guarded by a few friendly Indians, who meant to escort them back to Detroit.

Black Partridge himself stood guard over the

cottage; and it was well, perhaps, that he did so, for the next morning there came hurrying in upon the scene more Indians, and from another and fiercer tribe. These, hearing of the intended attack, had come from the Wabash simply to take their part in a possible battle against white men, whom, one and all, they hated.

Thirsting for bloodshed, they rushed in upon the scene, only to find themselves too late. The battle was over, the spoils divided, and the scalps all taken. Only the Kinzie family seemed to them available, and these they reckoned at once as their prey. And so, blackening their faces, they crept toward the little cottage. Entering, they seated themselves upon the floor in sullen silence. Even Black Partridge felt there was little hope; for he well understood the meaning of the savages.

Just then a friendly whoop was heard outside.

"Who are you?" shouted Black Partridge; for canoes were moored to the river bank and red men were landing just outside.

"I am a man," answered the leader among them. "A man like yourself."

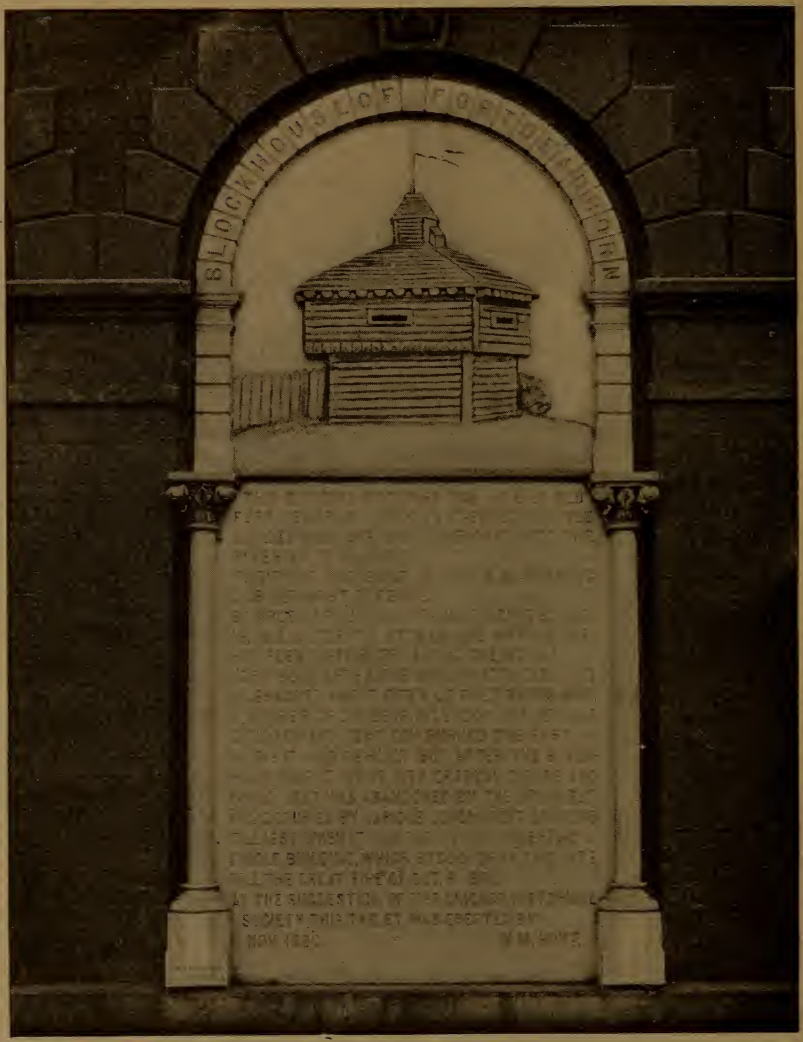
"But who are you?" shouted Black Partridge, meaning — and the man upon the bank understood — whose friend are you?

"I am the Sau-ga-nash!" answered the man from the bank.

"Then come quick! your friend is in danger!" for he was a half breed; and when he said, "I am the Sau-ga-nash," he meant, "I am an Englishman." Had he said, "I am a Pottawatomie," no one would have known better than Black Partridge himself that all hope of saving the Kinzies was at an end.

With all speed the Sau-ga-nash hurried up to the cottage. In an instant he took in the situation.

"Well, well, good friends!" he said to the savages, "glad am I to see you. They told me there were enemies here! Strange! and your faces blackened! Why is that? Ah, but I know. It is that you mourn for friends that have fallen in battle.



TABLET TO COMMEMORATE FORT DEABORN MASSACRE,
PLACED ON BUILDING IN CHICAGO ON THE SITE OF OLD FORT DEABORN.

"Or, perhaps, you are hungry. If you are, ask for food from Mr. Kinzie. He is the Indian's friend. Never yet did an Indian go away from his door hungry."

By this time the savages were confused and ashamed. They dared not tell why they had come; and so, to save themselves, they said; "It is as you say, we mourn the death of friends; we come to ask for white cotton in which to roll them for burial."

"You shall have it," said Kinzie; and loading them down with all the house could afford, he sent them away crestfallen, but not suspecting that they had been outwitted by the Sau-ga-nash.

On the third day, the Kinzie family was conducted to St. Joseph, and a few months later they returned to Detroit.

Sick and wounded, Captain and Mrs. Heald had already been sent to St. Joseph as prisoners of war. Mrs. Helm, too, was finally sent to Canada as prisoner of war.

The soldiers and their families, the few who had survived the cruel slaughter, were scattered up and down the country among the different villages of the Pottawatomies; but, after a time, all these were taken to Detroit and ransomed.

So fell Fort Dearborn; and for a time it seemed, indeed, as if the end of the story of Chicago had come. For who then could see into the future? Who then could prophesy that from these ruins the city should rise again — rise, and grow, and become, as it already has become, the foremost city in the country?

FORT WAYNE AND FORT HARRISON.

Meantime the forts at Michilimackinac and at Detroit had fallen into the hands of the British and their Indian allies. Not for one day had Tecumseh rested; not one opportunity had he lost to spur his people on and to turn them against the settlers.

The British general, Brock, looked upon Tecumseh as the hero of the hour. He knew full well, and readily acknowledged it, that very much of the British success was due to this chief's tireless energy and unceasing labor among his own people.

Tecumseh had accomplished all that he meant to do; the three stations were destroyed, and the future of the Northwest seemed hopeless. It seemed as if once more the territory must fall back into the possession of the savages.

Tecumseh was jubilant. British honors were showered upon him. Still he cared little for that; for, be it said to this chief's credit, he did what he did from honest love of his own people and for the protection of what he truly believed to be their rights.

With the fall of Michilimackinac, Detroit, and Dearborn, his spirits rose, his courage increased. Surely the Great Spirit was with him; the good manittos were helping; else such grand success could never have been his.

All this the prophet told the red men; and spurred on by success and the assurance of the Great Spirit's approval, they rose again at Tecumseh's call and gathered their forces for another campaign.

It was the plan of General Brock this time to carry war into the heart of the Northwest.

There were still Fort Wayne and Fort Harrison; and these must be taken. "We must destroy these as we destroyed Fort Dearborn," General Brock said; and Tecumseh was ready with his help and hearty approval.

This was not altogether an easy task; for the British, strangers as they were in the territory, knew nothing of distance. The rivers were all unknown to them; and without the guidance of the savages, an attempt to attack these forts would have been most perilous.

Tecumseh knew the country well; and was ready to map out, in his own crude way, the rivers and the route.

With this as a guide, General Brock laid out his plan, and at once the campaign was opened.

Fort Wayne was to be attacked first. There was no time to be lost, lest the Americans should re-enforce the place, knowing as they must that

Fort Wayne and Harrison would not long be left unmolested by the British.

The savages then were sent ahead, since they could march more rapidly, with directions to surround the fort and see that re-enforcements were not received; neither was the garrison to be allowed opportunity for escape.

Of the several tribes who joined in this enterprise, none were more eager than the Pottawatomies. Little had they ever suffered from the settlers; and until the coming of Tecumseh, none had been more friendly to the white men or more contented with their relations.

But now the savage in them was aroused; their success at Fort Dearborn had whetted their savage appetites and made them impatient for more bloodshed.

Upon their eagerness General Brock looked with satisfaction. He could afford to be generous. So he said to their chief, "If you succeed in this, the entire contents of the fort shall be yours."

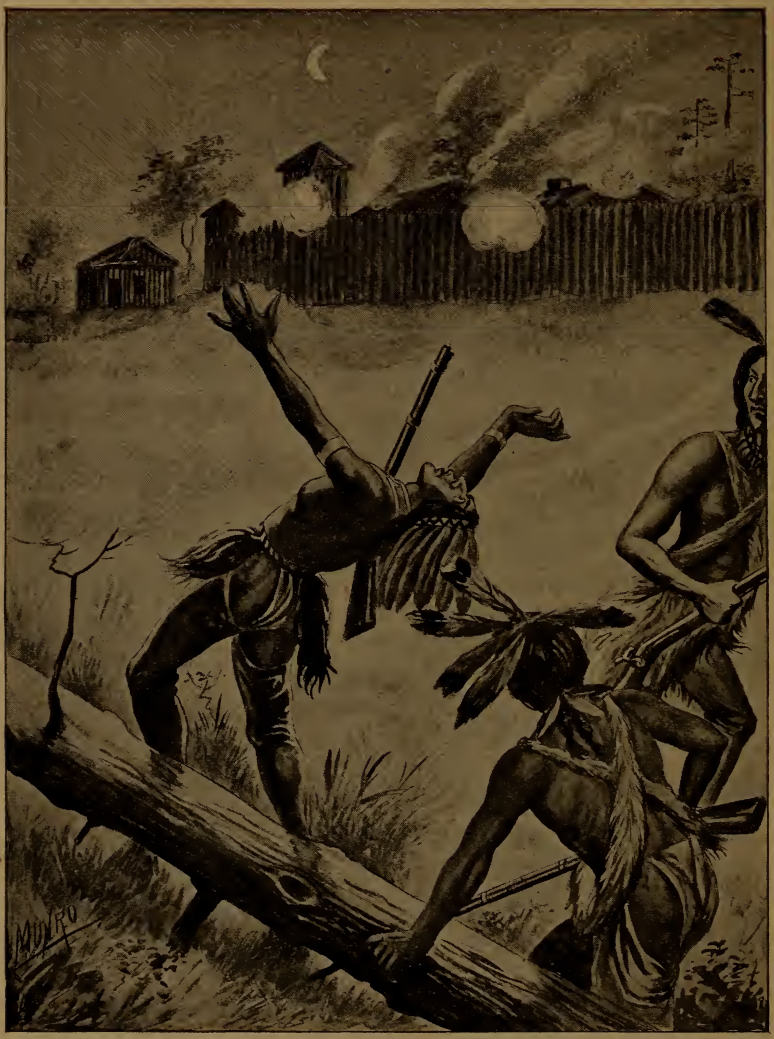
At this the tribe rang out a chorus of approving whoops, flourished their tomahawks, and made ready for the onslaught.

In only a few days the Shawanese, the Miamis, and the Pottawatomies appeared before the fort. It was never the Indian custom to make a bold and open attack; and so, true to their tribal traditions, they scattered themselves in the forests round about, hid themselves in the grasses, and watched their chances for catching sentinels off guard or for sneaking in unseen through gates.

While these tribes lay in wait at Fort Wayne, another band of savages fell upon Fort Harrison. First a little settlement outside the fort was attacked, and twenty people slain. Then, with twenty scalps dangling from their belts, the savages pressed on close up to the fort.

Young Captain Taylor, afterward President of the United States, was in command, with a little garrison of only eighteen men.

All day and all night the little band lay in dread


MUNRO

suspense, for the forests were alive with savages. Towards morning, the report of a rifle brought every man to the barricades. The foe were skulking outside, and a few shots had already entered the fort. Then the blockhouse was fired; and at the same time, so that the attention of the little garrison should be distracted, shots poured in thick and fast.

"Off with the roof!" shouted Captain Taylor. "Off with the roof!"

At this, two men, panic stricken, jumped the walls and fled to the forest; thus the little garrison was reduced to only sixteen.

"Each man must be as brave as ten!" said Taylor. "There are women here, and children, who need our protection."

Above the din of battle the captain's voice rang out; and every man heard and obeyed.

Quick and fast these sixteen men loaded and reloaded, and the savages were kept at bay. When the sun rose, they withdrew; and, although another attack was sure to come, the brave garrison

was given time to rest and prepare for stronger defence.

In the midst of all this a messenger crept through the Indian lines and made his way to General Harrison. Without a moment's waiting, Colonel Hopkins, at the General's command, started out at the head of twelve hundred volunteers for Fort Harrison. Never was help more welcome. A hard, quick march was made, the Indians dispersed, and the army marched in upon the brave sixteen, who welcomed them with as joyous cheers as sixteen men so worn and exhausted could raise.

But all this time the savages about Fort Wayne were busy. They made no direct attack, for they waited the arrival of other tribes. They even made pretense now and then at friendship. Old Chief Winnemac, once the white man's friend, was now the leading spirit in the treachery.

It was their plan to gain admittance — a few of them — to the fort, overpower the sentinels, open the gates, raise a whoop, and thus signal the tribes

outside. These, listening and ready, were then to rush in, and so the fort was to be captured.

Once Winnemac, under a white flag, was admitted with a band of comrades. But he found the guard drawn up inside, rifles in hand, and ready to charge.

He saw that his trick was understood. Then, making some excuse, which no one failed to interpret, he crept out from the fort, unharmed, because protected by the flag under which he himself had proved such a traitor.

For two days more the siege went on. Messages had been sent to General Harrison; but no one within the fort could know whether or not the messengers had succeeded in passing alive beyond the Indian lines.

That the savages were expecting reinforcements, was evident; and so both waited — the besieged and the besiegers.

One morning, a shout of triumph and a thundering at the great gateway brought the little garrison of eighty men to their feet.

Had help come? They looked out. No army was in sight!

"Who is it?" the sentinel called.

"Open! It is I! Oliver."

Then the gate was drawn back, and William Oliver, the garrison's old sutler, accompanied by three friendly Indians, rode in.

"Harrison is on his way!" he cried, as soon as the gate was closed. "I was at Cincinnati when your messenger came in. We hurried ahead to tell you that help is coming!"

Brave William Oliver! For it had been no simple risk to dash in through the horde of savages that lay outside!

"Harrison is on his way!" This was welcome news; and every one of the eighty felt his courage rise. "Even though the savage reinforcements arrive, we can hold out twelve hours," they thought. And surely Harrison will reach the fort in that time.

On the next day Harrison did arrive, with two

thousand Kentucky troops and seven hundred Ohio volunteers! And at sight of him the savages, without a single attempt at battle, fled to the forest. For miles they ran, pursued by a few of Harrison's horsemen. Not once did they turn or attempt to give battle. On, on, like the cowards they were, they ran, scattering in all directions.

So the siege of Fort Wayne was lifted; and once more the little garrison was safe.

A THIRD CAMPAIGN

Far less successful had this campaign been than the first, in which Detroit, Michilimackinac, and Dearborn had fallen.

Still the British were not discouraged. On the contrary, with greater vigor than before, they planned a third campaign.

Even yet Tecumseh hoped to establish a boundary between his own and the white men's countries, one over which the whites should pledge themselves never to encroach.

In Tecumseh the British still hoped. They looked upon him as their strong ally — the one red

man who had power to sway his people and bring them into co-operation with the British.

It was to Harrison, however, that the Americans turned their faces. On his way to Fort Wayne, messengers had overtaken him, bringing him his appointment of Commander-in-chief of all the forces in the Northwest.

With a force of ten thousand men Harrison set at once to work. First of all he meant to provide protection for the frontier. Next, he prepared to march in and recapture Detroit, and so reclaim Michigan. Nor was this all. Detroit retaken, he then proposed to invade Canada.

A magnificent plan! Yes, and western heroism and patriotism were fired. Volunteers were impatient to join the army, for Harrison was a born commander.

All this meant endless labor, untiring zeal. First, there was the soil—rich, black, oozing, then as now. But with no roads, and in a vast uncultivated region, it was a terror to the army with its heavy machinery of war.

Still, at Harrison's call, the divisions came, wading often through the black marshes, knee-deep in mud, and often sinking in the treacherous swamps.

First of all came the terrible defeat and massacre on the River Raisin. Then Harrison built Fort Meigs, where, hemmed in by mud blockades, he remained even until the British General Proctor, with Tecumseh himself as aid, took up his position before the fort and opened fire.

As we have read in our histories, this was a hard battle; but in the end Harrison was victorious and Proctor withdrew, although he had with him eighteen hundred Indians — more than Tecumseh had before commanded at any one time.

Following close upon this, came the siege of Fort Stephenson, in which the Americans were again grandly successful.

Then the cry, "On to Malden!" the grand battle on the lakes, Perry's victory, and finally the battle of the Thames, in which Tecumseh himself fell, and the war of 1812 came virtually to an end.

During all this time the Kinzies were living in Detroit — held by the British and watched, as a man so patriotic had need to be watched, by his British prison keeper.

One day General Proctor became suspicious that Kinzie might be in correspondence with Harrison.

"We must shut the man up," said Proctor to Lieutenant Watson.

So Watson went to Kinzie, telling him that Proctor wished to see him on the opposite side of the river.

Kinzie, suspecting nothing, crossed the river; only to find himself a prisoner and under guard.

Hours passed, and Kinzie did not return. "Something is wrong," said Mrs. Kinzie; and she called a friendly Indian chief — one who, in all the changes of conditions, had remained true to Kinzie — and told him her fears.

"We will see," said the chief. And, with a little band of friends, he set out for the house of the commanding officer.

To avoid trouble Kinzie was released, and his

Indian friends, carried him back to his old station in triumph. But in a day or two Proctor sent dragoons and they arrested him again.

"Where is Shaw-nee-aw-kee?" again the Indians asked.

"There!" said Mrs. Kinzie, "taken prisoner by the Red Coats!"

Without one word, the Indians ran down the river, seized their canoes, and rowed across.

It is not recorded what they said; but again Proctor released Kinzie and the Indians carried him back a second time to Mrs. Kinzie.

A few days later he was again seized upon, and this time was carried to the prison at Fort Malden, at the mouth of the river. Here he was a prisoner, when Perry's victory took place.

He was out in the prison court when the first sound of cannon rolled down across the waters. What could it mean! Soon the battle was on, and both Kinzie and his prison keeper watched with breathless eagerness.

"It is time for you to go back to your cell, sir," said an officer.

"Never mind! Wait! Let me see how the battle goes!" cried Kinzie.

Just then a sloop rounded the point. Pressing close upon her were two gun boats.

"What is that! She runs! The British colors! See! she is lowering them! Hurrah! Yes, Sir Officer, I am ready to go back to my cell. I have seen how the battle has gone!"

For the sloop was the "Little Belt"—the very last one of the British squadron that fell that day before the gallant Perry.

And now the war was over, the English were driven out, and the Indian confederations broken. The attention of American people was again turned towards the Northwest as a future home for the rapidly growing nation.

During the war much had been learned of its rich soil, its vast prairies, its timber lands, and its navigation resources, that might not have been

revealed in a century to come had not attention been forced upon it.

All these glorious conditions began now to be talked about. The government was roused to interest; families began to migrate by tens and hundreds. The pioneer spirit was awake.

The chain of Great Lakes grew rapidly in the people's recognition of their importance. The Ohio, until now the only westward commercial route, found itself challenged by a rival.

And with all this renewal of interest, we may be sure the "Portage of Chicago" was not forgotton. Indeed, towards this were all eyes turned; in it was recognized the future centre of the western home life and commerce.

As early as 1814, President Madison, in his message to Congress, recommended that it give due attention to the importance of a ship canal connecting Lake Michigan with the Illinois by way of Chicago. This good advice the War Department readily recognized, and Captain Hezekiah Bradley

was sent to rebuild and re-establish Fort Dearborn.

With two companies of men he set out and, as it happened, again on July 4, just thirteen years from the day Captain Whistler had sailed with his "great white bird" up to the portage, this man landed to rebuild the old fort.

Great changes had taken place since that sunny day thirteen years before, when Whistler arrived and the natives hurried down, amazed and pleased, to see the white men and the white bird.

Here stood the little Kinzie house, almost unharmed, and near it lay the ruins of the old fort; and there, a little way up the river, in the stubble and bunch grass, lay the whitened and weather-beaten bones of the brave martyrs, slaughtered that day when the savages fell upon the little band they had promised to protect.

Captain Bradley and his men thought of all these things when again they landed upon the spot that had seen such suffering a few years since.

But these men were brave and energetic, too; and they set to work at once to build a new fort upon the site of the old one. This new fort consisted of a strong block-house and barracks for the soldiers — the whole enclosed, as before, in strong high palisades.

Hardly was the fort finished and the place protected, when John Kinzie came back with his family — again to make himself Chicago's first citizen. He had been told that, out of love for him the Indians had allowed his home to stand, but even he hardly expected to find it in so good a condition.

But there it stood — even the vines about the porch still climbing roofward — just as it had been in those other days when these same people dwelt there so happily and peacefully.

"People said we were foolhardy to come back," Kinzie used to say; "and perhaps we were. But we loved our little home on the river, and we wanted to get back to it; so we came."

But Northwest history was making rapidly in these days; and in this very year a treaty was made with the Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottawatomies. This treaty all the chiefs and warriors signed, Black Partridge's name leading all the rest.

It was most necessary that this strip of land be secured for a future military road, when the time should come for the building of the ship canal.

But the surveying was not done exactly as we might, perhaps, wish. Lines did not always meet, and so we have in our maps of Illinois even to this day a monument to the Indian Treaty, in the diagonal offsets and the triangular wedges that are to be seen along the lines that bound and separate our beautiful townships and counties.

The new colony at Fort Dearborn prospered, however; encouraged by the Kinzie family's bravery, people began to come again; the block-house itself was rebuilt; a large parade ground was laid out; a magazine was constructed; and a great field planted with corn and other vegetables.

Communications were opened with the several little settlements in southern Illinois, and boats ran up and down the south branch of the Chicago River, Mud Lake, the Desplaines, and Illinois, bringing supplies to the fort.

Pioneers were coming fast; and in the very next year — 1818 — the territory sent its first delegate to Congress, and Nathaniel Pope applied for and was granted the admission of the territory as a state — the State of Illinois!

There were very few settlements in the northern part of the state at that time; but Congressman Pope was far sighted and most wise.

The northern boundary line was due west from the southern point of Lake Michigan.

This, of course, did not include the portage of Chicago.

"We must have Chicago in Illinois," Pope firmly declared. "It will be a great centre by and by. Why should not Illinois have the glory?"

And so he set to work to have the boundary

changed. He wrote his reasons most clearly and laid them before Congress.

Congress accepted the change; and there has not been an epoch in our history since but has shown how wise and far-sighted an act this was on the part of Illinois' first Congressman.

The Northwest was rapidly becoming populated. Wars were over; our territory was secure; the East was becoming crowded; rumors of the wonderful country and its great advantages were spreading up and down the Atlantic coast, and not only men for business purposes alone, but whole families — sometimes whole neighborhoods — were coming out across the prairies.

The country along the eastern coast of Lake Michigan still belonged to the Pottawatomies, the Ottawas, and the Chippewas. The white people were, however, crowding close upon them, and the time came when both Indians and white men were glad to make a treaty that should make them both feel more secure.

It was in 1821 and at Chicago that this treaty was made. Lewis Cass, the Governor of Michigan represented the white men, and Metea, a Pottawatomie Chief, represented the red men.

One of our greatest authorities on Indian affairs was Henry Schoolcraft. He had travelled among the Indians, had studied them, learned their languages, their legends, their manners and customs. At the time of this treaty Henry Schoolcraft was the Indian Agent for the United States and was located in this section. He was present at the treaty gathering, and because he wrote it out as no one else could write it—so vigorously, so truthfully, so intelligently—why may we not read the story in his own words?

"To accommodate the numerous delegation which gathered at Chicago at this council, great preparations had to be made at the expense of the government. Rations must be issued, not only to the chiefs who took part in the deliberations, but to all who came as spectators to grunt out gutteral approbation to the various speeches to be made.

"These numbered over three thousand; they had wearily toiled around the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, and reached Chicago with a keen relish for the 'mess of pottage' for which their birthright was to be sold, and he who would deny this poor pittance to them ought to be branded with anathema. The northern bank of the river immediately opposite the fort was the spot selected for the council, within range of its guns — perhaps as a measure of caution. In the centre of the grounds an open bower was erected, with rustic seats for the chiefs. Two or three days were taken up in formalities essential to the etiquette of Indian customs in all important negotiations, and the

council was opened by a speech from Governor Cass, setting forth the objects of the convention, in which the politic orator emphasized his words describing the benefits resulting to the Indians through the money and goods they were to get for their lands, and, after reminding them that their country was now nearly destitute of game, formally proposed to buy it, generously offering to let them still retain portions of it till wanted for settlements, although they were receiving annuities for the same.

"A short pause ensued after the respectful attention which the Indians had given to this speech, and then after two days' consideration, Metea replied to it in his happiest vein of oratory. The following are extracts from it.

"'My Father, our country was given to us by the Great Spirit, who gave it to us to hunt upon, to make our corn fields upon, and to live upon, and to make our beds upon when we die; and he would never forgive us should we now bargain it away.

When you first spoke to us of the lands of the St. Marys, we said we had a little, and agreed to sell you a piece of it; but we told you we could spare no more. Now you ask us again. You are never satisfied! We have sold you a great tract of land already; but it is not enough! We sold it to you for the benefit of your children, to farm and to live upon. We shall want it all for ourselves. We know not how long we may live, and we wish to leave some lands for our children to hunt upon. You are gradually taking away our hunting grounds. We are growing uneasy. What lands you have you may retain, but we shall sell no more. You think perhaps I speak in passion, but my heart is good towards you. We have now told you what we had to say. It is what was determined on in a council among ourselves; and what I have spoken is the voice of my nation. But do not think we have a bad opinion of you. We speak to you with a good heart, and the feelings of a friend.'

"Governor Cass replied to this speech, indulging

in soft words not unjustly applied, as due in the main to the honor and good faith of the Indians, to which various Indian chiefs replied in the usual style of Indian oratory. John Kinzie also made a speech, in which he refuted a charge of non-fulfillment of treaty obligations on the part of the United States. These deliberations lasted till the 23rd, pending which no one doubted, either white or Indians, that the latter would come to the terms required of them and sell their lands, but no signs of yielding were yet manifest in the impenetrable countenances of the chiefs, as the council was closed on this day by one of the chiefs, who said:

"'My Father, it is late; I shall do no more to-day; but to-morrow you shall hear our final council. You are hungry by this time. You white men eat at certain fixed hours; we Indians do what we have to do and eat when it is convenient.'

"The deliberations lasted till the 29th, when the treaty was signed by both parties.

"The Indians made a cession of their land in

Michigan, amounting to over five million acres, for which the Pottawatomies were to receive an annuity of five thousand dollars per annum for twenty years, in specie, and the sum of one thousand dollars expended annually among them during the time to support a blacksmith and a teacher. The right to immediately construct roads through the territory ceded, connecting Detroit, Fort Wayne, and Chicago, was also guaranteed.

"The Ottawas were to receive a perpetual annuity of one thousand dollars, and for ten years the sum of fifteen hundred dollars expended annually to furnish them a blacksmith and a teacher."

This was, of course, a great gain, both in territory and in security to the white people, and it gave, too, a great impetus to immigration. Still we must remember life was very crude and simple here, even then, in 1821.

The garrison and the few citizens of the place amused themselves with hunting and fishing. Supplies were obtained from Detroit by a sailing vessel

in her annual trip, or from Southern Illinois, up the Illinois and Desplaines rivers, to this then obscure port, environed as it was by a hundred miles of wilderness.

Colonel Childs, of La Crosse, once wrote of the country at this time: —

"In 1821, I made a trip to St. Louis in a bark canoe up Fox River, across the Portage, and down the Wisconsin to Prairie du Chien, and thence down the Mississippi. I was sixteen days on my journey, and saw but seven white men in the whole distance, outside the forts. I met one keel-boat on the Mississippi bound for Fort Armstrong at Rock Island. There was a small garrison opposite the mouth of the Des Moines River. There were but few Americans and few Spaniards at St. Louis; the inhabitants were mostly French. There was but one brick building in the place, and no buildings were located on Front Street, or where the levee now is. I remained two weeks, when I was advised to return by way of the Illinois River.

"I started by that route, and the next day was taken down with the ague and fever, and the day following one of my men was taken with the same complaint, which left me with one Frenchmen and one Indian to paddle my canoe. I did not provide a sufficiently large stock of provisions when I left St. Louis, presuming that I could get plenty on the Illinois. But all I was able to obtain was one ham full of maggots, and one peck of Indian meal. I saw but one house from the mouth of the Illinois to Fort Clark, where Peoria now is, at which latter place one French trader resided. When we reached there I was completely exhausted, and remained a few days to recruit a little.

We continued up the Illinois to the junction of the Kankakee and Eau Plaine, and thence up the Eau Plaine to where I supposed we had to make a portage to Chicago River; but I could not see any signs of the portage. There had been heavy rains for several days, which had so raised the streams that they overflowed their banks. I concluded that

I had gone far enough for the portage, so I left the Eau Plaine and took a northeast direction. After traveling a few miles, I found the current of the Chicago River. The whole country was inundated; I found not less than two feet of water all the way across the portage.

"That night I arrived at Chicago, pitched my tent on the bank of the lake, and went to the fort for provisions. I was not, however, able to obtain any; the commissary informing me that the public stores were so reduced that the garrison were subsisting on half rations, and he knew not when they would get any more. I went to Colonel Beaubien, who furnished me with a small supply. I found two traders here from Mackinaw; and as my men were all sick, I exchanged my tent and canoe for a horse, and took passage on the Mackinaw boat for Manitowoc. One of our party had to go by land on horse back. There were at this time but two families residing outside of the fort at Chicago, those of Mr. Kinzie and of Colonel Beaubien."

BLACK HAWK WAR

But, although a treaty had been made, and although for a time there was peace and comparative safety in these little western settlements, cessation of all Indian troubles had not yet come.

There was Black Hawk, in whom the spirit of Tecumseh still lived; and there were, alas! white men who were ready to push the savages, fairly or unfairly, let but the opportunity arise.

Now, it was on the 15th day of July, 1822, that

Keokuk, the chief of the Sacs and Foxes, ceded to the United States all the territory owned by his tribe east of the Mississippi, and agreed to withdraw across the river during the following year.

"This is not fair!" Black Hawk thundered when he heard of the action of Keokuk; and at once this warrior arrayed himself against the chief and against the white people.

Keokuk, true to his agreements, crossed the river, taking with him the greater part of his tribe. But Black Hawk refused to move a step. "I shall stay here upon my own territory," he said. "The treaty is not fair, and the white men know it was made by only four of our chiefs, and that, too, after the white men had first made them drunk."

"Tell me," said Black Hawk to the Indian Agent; "is this treaty fair?"

"You can do nothing," said the Indian Agent; "the land was sold to the government, and already the government has sold it to individuals who will soon claim their portions."

"It is a lie!" Black Hawk growled; and away he went to his old British allies at Malden.

"If you have not sold your home it is certainly yours," said the British, ready, of course, to sympathize with Black Hawk, more especially now that he was arrayed against the Government of the United States.

"Then I shall defend my home!" was the old chief's tragic answer; and away he hurried to the chiefs of the different tribes, bent, as Tecumseh had been before him, on stirring up a war.

Not for one moment was this fierce determination absent from his thoughts. He talked of it by day and he dreamed of it by night; and when, on his return from a hunting expedition, he found his own village already taken possession of by the white men, and active preparations in force for cultivating the rich seven hundred acres on which, for so many years, Black Hawk's people had raised their crops of corn, his fury burst forth.

Now, whether or not the original treaty had been

fair, this last act even the white men knew full well was an unwarrantable proceeding. The frontier settlements were fifty miles away; and there was no reason, other than deliberate design, why this little spot should have been seized upon just now by white men.

Black Hawk's fury knew no bounds. Even Keokuk, under this insult, could not hold back his warriors. With Black Hawk at their head, they fell upon the little white settlement and took possession of the field.

But even now a compromise was made; the white men should cultivate one half the seven hundred acres, and the squaws the other half. Pressed by necessity, both red men and white men agreed to this. But little advantage was the arrangement to either side. The white men plowed up the corn the squaws had planted, and the squaws, in revenge, drove their cows into the fields of the white men.

The latter called for military assistance, and

General Gaines, at once advancing to Rock Island, summoned a council.

"Who is this Black Hawk?" he asked with a sneer. Black Hawk trembled with fury. "You ask who is Black Hawk; and why does he sit among the chiefs? I will tell you who I am! I am a Sac! My father was a warrior! Ask these braves who have followed me to battle! They will tell you who I am! Provoke our people to war, and you yourself will learn who Black Hawk is!"

"You will leave this territory and cross the Mississippi," was General Gaines' peremptory reply to this outburst of simple eloquence.

"I will not!" Black Hawk answered; and so the council ended.

But Black Hawk knew full well he could not, with his little band, stand against the militia of the United States. Accordingly he withdrew across the river, and General Gaines counted the Black Hawk insurrection at an end.

Black Hawk however, was no such warrior. He

could wait; but surrender his purpose he would not.

At once he set to work. He sent emissaries to all the tribes, calling upon them to band with him against this common foe.

The emissaries came back pretending to have secured promises of aid from the Chippewas, the Pottawatomies, the Ottawas and the Winnebagos. In this faith Black Hawk assembled his people. They crossed the river, landing near the fort at the mouth of Rock River.

"We are going to our friends, the Winnebagos," Black Hawk answered, when messengers were sent after him. "We go to plant corn in the territory of the Winnebagos!"

But the white men had good reason to doubt the truth of the savage chief's word just here; and a force of militia followed close upon Black Hawk's trail.

A skirmish followed in which Black Hawk's warriors were victorious; and Black Hawk, excited by his success, sent runners to every Indian tribe,

urging them, with yells and war whoops, to join forces and push the war forward.

On towards Naperville the savages came and a terrible slaughter took place.

Naperville was the settlement nearest Chicago, and now the people of Chicago began to realize the danger close at hand. The outlying families hurried in to the city, as they had some years before, to place themselves under the protection of old Fort Dearborn.

One man, writing of this time, said;

"The inhabitants came flying from Fox River, through fear of their dreaded enemy. They came with their cattle and horses, some bareheaded, and others barefooted, crying 'The Indians! The Indians!' Those that were able hurried on with all speed for Danville.

"Some found their way to Danville in advance of the rest, and told their fearful stories — how the Indians were killing and burning all before them, while at this time it is presumed that there was not

a hostile Indian south of the Desplaines river. At Plainfield, however, the alarm was so great that it was thought best to make all possible efforts for defense, in case of an attack. My house was considered the most secure place. I had two long pens built, one of which served for a barn and the other for a shed. These were torn down, and the logs used to build up a breastwork around the house. All the people living on Fox river, who could not get farther away, made my home a place of shelter. There were one hundred and twenty-five, old and young.

"We had four guns, some useless. Ammunition was scarce. All our pewter spoons, basins, and platters were soon moulded by the women into bullets. As a next best means of defense, we got a good supply of axes, hoes, forks, sharp sticks and clubs. Here we intended to stay till some relief could be obtained. This was on Thursday, and we remained here till the next Sabbath, when the people of Chicago, hearing of our distress, raised a company

of twenty-five white men and as many Indians, who came to our aid."

Ottawa, Danville, and Chicago became places of refuge for all frontier settlers. Rough forts were hastily thrown up here and there; and the frontier men, having sent their wives and children away in safety to the fort, made brave efforts to save their little homes.

General Scott, with nine companies, was sent from Washington; and glad indeed were the people crowded into the little fort, when one morning a cannon boomed out across the waters, a vessel sailed up to the mouth of the Chicago River, and a troop of soldiers landed.

A week later General Scott himself arrived; but, alas, for the white men, that dire disease — cholera — had broken out among his forces, and men were dying hourly. Terror now fell upon the people. Black Hawk outside the Fort! Cholera within! Which was the more terrible? The poor people hardly knew.

But fortunately there were detachments out upon the trail of Black Hawk, and, although the spirit of the savage was as fierce as ever, he now held back from the active onslaught he longed to make.

At Stephenson, however, another small victory was scored for the savage leader. Encouraged by this, Black Hawk passed on to Apple River Fort, where Captain Stone, with his plucky garrison of only twenty-five, held the little wooden stockade for a refuge to the mining camp that was clustered around it.

Stealthily Black Hawk and his warriors crept toward the fort and concealed themselves in a thicket. From this ambush it was the savage's intention to burst upon the fort when darkness came on; and very successful, no doubt, their plan might have been, had not one of the warriors, with more zeal than discretion, shot at a body of white men who chanced to be passing the ambush.

One white man fell wounded and the others, quickly turning their guns towards the concealed

Indians, retreated slowly towards the fort, giving the alarm as they approached.

Black Hawk, foiled in his purpose but spurred on by desperation, burst upon the fort, and for ten long hours kept up a wild attack upon the little band. But the garrison dealt their shot wisely; there was no excitement, aim was steady, and many a red man fell before the bullets that the white men poured upon them.

The Indians, finding they could make no gain upon the fort, turned upon the little village, destroyed the buildings, burned the cornfields, and then, with whoops and yells of defiance, retreated.

The white men followed Black Hawk's warriors in quick pursuit. Other skirmishes took place; but finally the savages, fleeing as rapidly as their scanty means of transportation would allow, were overtaken by General Henry, on the southern bank of the Wisconsin. It was a quick battle, and disastrous to the red men. Fifty braves were killed and many more wounded.

Still Black Hawk fled before the pursuing white

men. During the night he succeeded in hurrying his poor fugitives across the Wisconsin, whence they could fly towards the Mississippi. General Atkinson in hot pursuit of the Sacs soon arrived at Helena, joined Colonel Dodge and, crossing over to the north side, soon struck the trail of the fated Black Hawk.

On the second day of August the advance guard, under Colonel Dodge and Colonel Taylor, overtook them. The main army, however, under General Atkinson, pressed on, thinking the main body of the Sacs was in front.

In this they were outwitted by Black Hawk, who, that he might escape with the main forces while the white men should be engaged with the little detachment, had sent them on to the mouth of the Bad Axe River. General Henry, who was in the rear, suspected this and, waiting not for conference or instructions, dashed forward and fell upon the Indians, huddled there together awaiting further developments.

With hardly a moment's warning, General Henry burst upon them, a quick panic followed, the red men were hemmed in, and a fierce, hot battle took place.

With a yell Black Hawk turned and fled, his few remaining warriors with him. On, on, to Prairie La Crosse they fled; and then Black Hawk, helpless, trapped, knowing that his cause was a lost one, surrendered himself. Fifty of the warriors were taken prisoners, a few escaping to the Winnebagoes, where they hoped to find shelter and protection; but alas! here the Sioux, old enemies of theirs, fell upon the outcasts, and all were slain by their savage foe.

In September, the prisoners, Black Hawk among them, were sent to St. Louis, and the Black Hawk war was at an end.

A little later, Black Hawk was allowed to return to his people; and on the Des Moines River in Iowa the old chief spent the last five years of his life in peace and quiet. Near the present site of Iowa City the old chief lies buried. Over his dead body

was raised a mound — the last honor his simple countrymen could pay to Black Hawk, the *last native defender of the soil of the Northwest!*

And this was the last of organized Indian trouble for Chicago or for Illinois. From this time on civilization rapidly increased; the city grew, commercial interests were enlarged, newspapers were established, organizations of all kinds were formed, until croakers began to say; "The city is growing too fast. It will go down! Up like a rocket, down like a stone!"

But all these gloomy predictions have failed. Chicago has grown bravely and steadily.

THE WINNEBAGO SCARE.

Although Chicago had now been surveyed and laid out, although its name had now appeared on the maps in the geographies which the school children of the United States were using, it was not, even yet, much of a town — only a very stammering prophecy of what so soon it was to be.

Indian scares, even, were not yet at an end; and when, in 1827, the Winnebagoes threatened the village, the Kinzies, the Helms, and others who had lived through the attack of 1812, had good reason to fear a repetition of the same barbarous cruelty. Let us read the account, as one of the villagers then told it:

"At the breaking out of the Winnebago war, early in July, 1827, Fort Dearborn was without military occupation.

"Doctor Alexander Wolcott, Indian Agent, had charge of the Fort, living in the brick building, just

within the north stockade previously occupied by the commanding officers.

"The old officers' quarters, built of logs, on the west, and within the pickets, were occupied by Russell E. Heacock, and one other American family; others dwelt with their families in the soldiers' quarters, on the east side of the enclosure. The store-house and guard-house were on either side of the southern gate; the sutler's store was east of the north gate, and north of the soldiers' barracks; the block-house was located at the southwest and the bastion at the northwest corners of the fort; and the magazine of brick was situated about half-way between the west end of the guard and block-houses.

"The annual payment of the Pottawatomie Indians occurred in September of the year 1828. A large body of them had assembled, according to custom, to receive their annuity. These left after the payment for their respective villages, except a portion of Big Foot's band.

"The night following the payment, there was a

dance in the soldiers' barracks, during the progress of which a violent storm of wind and rain arose; and about midnight these quarters were struck by lightning and totally consumed, together with the store-house and a portion of the block-house.

"The sleeping inmates of Mr. Kinzies's house, on the opposite bank of the river, were aroused by the cry of 'Fire' from Mrs. Helm, one of their number, who from her window had seen the flames. On hearing the alarm, I, with Robert Kinzie, late Paymaster of the United States' Army, hastily arose and, only partially dressed, ran to the river. To our dismay, we found the canoe, which was used for crossing the river, filled with water; it had been partially drawn up on the beach and had been filled by the dashing waves. Not being able to turn it over, and having nothing with which to bail it out, we lost no time, but swam the stream. Entering by the north gate we saw at a glance the situation.

"The barracks and store-house being wrapped in flames, we directed our energies to the saving of the

guard-house, the east end of which was on fire. Mr. Kinzie, rolling himself in a wet blanket, got upon the roof. The men and women, about forty in number, formed a line to the river, and with buckets, tubs and every available utensil, passed the water to him; this was kept up till daylight before the flames were subdued, Mr. Kinzie maintaining his dangerous position with great fortitude, though his hands, face, and portions of his body were severely burned. His father, mother and sister, Mrs. Helm, had meanwhile freed the canoe from water, and crossing in it, fell into line with those carrying water.

"Some of the Big Foot band of Indians were present at the fire, but merely as spectators, and could not be prevailed upon to assist; they all left the next day for their homes. The strangeness of their behavior was the subject of discussion among us.

"Six or eight days after this event, while at breakfast in Mr. Kinzie's house, we heard singing, faintly at first, gradually growing louder as the singers approached. Mr. Kinzie recognized the

voice as that of Bob Forsyth, and left the table for the piazza of the house, whither we all followed. About where Wells street now crosses the river, in plain sight from where we stood, was a light birch canoe, manned with thirteen men, rapidly approaching, the men keeping time with their paddles to one of the Canadian boat songs; it proved to be Governor Cass and his secretary, Robert Forsyth, and they landed and soon joined us.

"From them we first learned of the breaking out of the Winnebago war, and the massacre on the upper Mississippi. Governor Cass was at Green Bay by appointment, to hold a treaty with the Winnebagoes and Menomonee tribes, who, however, did not appear to meet him in council. News of hostilities reaching the Governor there, he immediately procured a light birch-bark canoe, purposely made for speed, manned it with twelve men at the paddles and a steersman, and started up the river, making a portage into the Wisconsin, then down that river and the Mississippi to Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis,

"Here he persuaded the commanding officer to charter a steamer and, embarking troops on it, ascended the Mississippi in search of the hostile Indians, and to give aid to the troops at Fort Snelling. On reaching the mouth of the Illinois River, the Governor (his men and canoe having been brought so far on the steamer), ascended that stream and the Des Plaines, and passing through Mud Lake into the south branch of the Chicago River, reached Chicago. This trip from Green Bay was performed in about thirteen days, the Governor's party sleeping only five to seven hours, and averaging sixty to seventy miles travel each day.

"On the Wisconsin River they passed Winnebago encampments without molestation. They did not stop to parley, passing rapidly by, singing their boat songs; the Indians were so taken by surprise that, before they recovered from their astonishment, the canoe was out of danger. Governor Cass remained at Chicago but a few hours, coasting Lake Michigan back to Green Bay. As soon as he left,

the inhabitants of Chicago assembled for consultation. Big Foot was suspected of acting in concert with the Winnebagoes, as he was known to be friendly to them, and many of his band had intermarried with that tribe.

"Shab-o-nee was not here at the payment, his money having been drawn for him by his friend, Billy Caldwell. The evening before Governor Cass's visit, however, he was in Chicago, and then the guest of Caldwell. At my suggestion, he and Caldwell were engaged to visit Big Foot's village (Geneva Lake), and get what information they could of the plans of the Winnebagoes; and also learn what action Big Foot's band intended taking. They left immediately, and on nearing Geneva Lake arranged that Shab-o-nee should enter the village alone, Caldwell remaining hidden.

"Upon entering the village, Shab-o-nee was made a prisoner, and accused of being a friend of the Americans and a spy. He affected great indignation at these charges and said to Big Foot: "I was

not at the payment, but was told by my braves that you desired us to join the Winnebagoes and make war on the Americans. I think the Winnebagoes have been foolish; alone they cannot succeed. So I have come to council with you, hear what you have to say, when I will return to my people and report all you tell me; if they shall then say, we will join you, I will consent.'

"After talking nearly all night they agreed to let him go, provided he was accompanied by one of their own number; to this proposal Shab-o-nee readily consented, though it placed him in a dangerous position. His friend Caldwell was waiting for him in the outskirts of the village, and his presence must not be known, as it would endanger both of their lives. Shab-o-nee was equal to the emergency. After leaving in company with one of Big Foot's braves, as the place of Caldwell's concealment was neared, he commenced complaining in a loud voice of being suspected and made a prisoner, and when quite near,

said, 'We must have no one with us in going to Chicago. Should we meet any one of your band or *any one else*, we must tell them to go away; we must go by ourselves, and get to Chicago by noon to-morrow. Kinzie will give us something to eat, and we can go on next day.'

"Caldwell heard and understood the meaning of this, and started alone on another route. Strategy was still to be used, as Shab-o-nee desired to report, so on nearing Chicago, he said to his companion, 'If Kinzie sees you, he will ask why your band did not assist in putting out the fire. Maybe he has heard news of the war and is angry with Big Foot; let us camp here, for our horses are very tired.' This they did, and after a little, the Big Foot brave suggested that Shab-o-nee should go to the Fort for food and information. This was what he wanted to do, and he lost no time in reporting the result of his expedition, and procuring food, returned to his camp.

"He started the next morning with his companion for his own village; on reaching it he called a council

174 CALDWELL HEARD AND UNDERSTOOD THE MEANING OF THIS.

of his Indians, who were addressed by Big Foot's emissary, but they declined to take part with the Winnebagoes, advising Big Foot to remain neutral.

"On receiving Shab-o-nee's report, the inhabitants of Chicago were greatly excited; fearing an attack, we assembled for consultation, when I suggested sending to the Wabash for assistance, and tendered my services as messenger. This was at first objected to, on the ground that a majority of the men at the Fort were in my employ, and in case of an attack, no one could manage them or enforce their aid but myself. It was, however, decided that I should go, as I knew the route and all the settlers. An attack would probably not be made until Big Foot's ambassador had returned with his report; this would give at least two weeks' security, and in that time I could, if successful, make the trip and return.

"I started between four and five P. M., reaching my trading house on the Iroquois River by midnight, where I changed my horse and went on.

It was a dark, rainy night. On reaching Sugar Creek, I found the stream swollen out of its banks, and my horse refusing to cross, I was obliged to wait till daylight, when I discovered that a large tree had fallen across the trail, making the ford impassable. I swam the stream and went on, reaching my friend Mr. Spencer's house at noon, tired out. Mr. Spencer started immediately to give the alarm, asking for volunteers to meet at Danville the next evening, with five days' rations.

"By the day following, at the hour appointed, one hundred men were organized into a company, and appointing a Mr. Morgan, an old frontier fighter, as their captain, we immediately started for Chicago, camping that night on the north fork of the Vermillion River. It rained continually, the trail was very muddy, and we were obliged to swim most of the streams and many of the large sloughs, but we still pushed on, reaching Fort Dearborn the seventh day after my departure, to the great joy of the waiting people.

"We reached Chicago about four o'clock in the evening of the fourth day, in the midst of one of the most severe rainstorms I ever experienced, accompanied by thunder and vicious lightening. The rain we did not mind; we were without tents and were used to wetting. The water we took within us hurt us more than that which fell upon us, as drinking it made many of us sick.

"The people of Chicago were very glad to see us. They were expecting an attack every hour since Colonel Hubbard had left them, and as we approached they did not know whether we were enemies or friends, and when they learned that we were friends they gave us a shout of welcome.

"We kept guard day and night for some eight or ten days, when a runner came — I think from Green Bay — bringing word that General Cass had concluded a treaty with the Winnebagoes and that we might now disband and go home."

And thus, with little real suffering, did the Winnebago scare of 1827 come to its end.

THE LAST OF THE POTTAWATOMIES.

When the white men came here, they found the country round about Chicago occupied, as we know, by the Pottawatomies. These were their hunting grounds; and here their tents were pitched, their wigwams and villages built.

They were an intelligent tribe, even from the beginning, and were possessed of no little information, as the result of their quick observation and ready conclusions regarding what they saw.

The white men had little difficulty in making friends with them; and from the beginning the white men and the red men hunted and fished, ate and drank together around their hospitable camp fires.

The Illinois Indians, who dwelt up and down this Northwest Territory — from the Wabash to the Mississippi, and from the Ohio to the Great Lakes — had their central village in northern Illinois where Utica now is.

Then, as now, it was a beautiful location, nestled in the valley, and these Indians were not lacking in appreciation of its beauty when they chose it for their home.

It was not long after the discovery of this section by La Salle, that the Iroquois burst upon these peace-abiding Illinois, laid waste their city, and scattered them up and down the plain.

Until this time they too had been a powerful tribe, and had their share in the glories of Indian warfare. But from this blow they never recovered. For three generations they struggled on, though with little success, against foe after foe.

Close by their city, a part of what was once the bank of the great Illinois River in those days of long ago, stands a great water-worn rock.

This rock the Illinois Indians often looked upon as their natural fortress, should ever attack come to them; and, indeed, had it been planned and built for a fortress, it could not have been made more secure from attack, so high and steep is its craggy front.

Now, the Pottawatomies and the Ottawas were most friendly. Indeed, Pontiac, the old Ottawa chief, the idol of his tribe, was obeyed and reverenced hardly less by the Pottawatomies than by his own people.

It was but natural, then, when this old chief fell, slain, as the Pottawatomies believed, by the Illinois, that they should join forces with the Ottawas and swear eternal enmity to the offending tribe.

Accordingly, war was waged upon the Illinois, already broken in spirit; and at last so few of them remained that they fled to Starved Rock, so long looked upon as their natural fortress. There, besieged by their enemy, unable to obtain food or water — though the river ran at their feet — they starved on until, in desperation, knowing that death was theirs if they remained upon the rock no less than if they left it, they rushed down into the valley to fight for their lives.

Very softly, and in the dead of night, they crept down the stone stairway, only to meet there at the

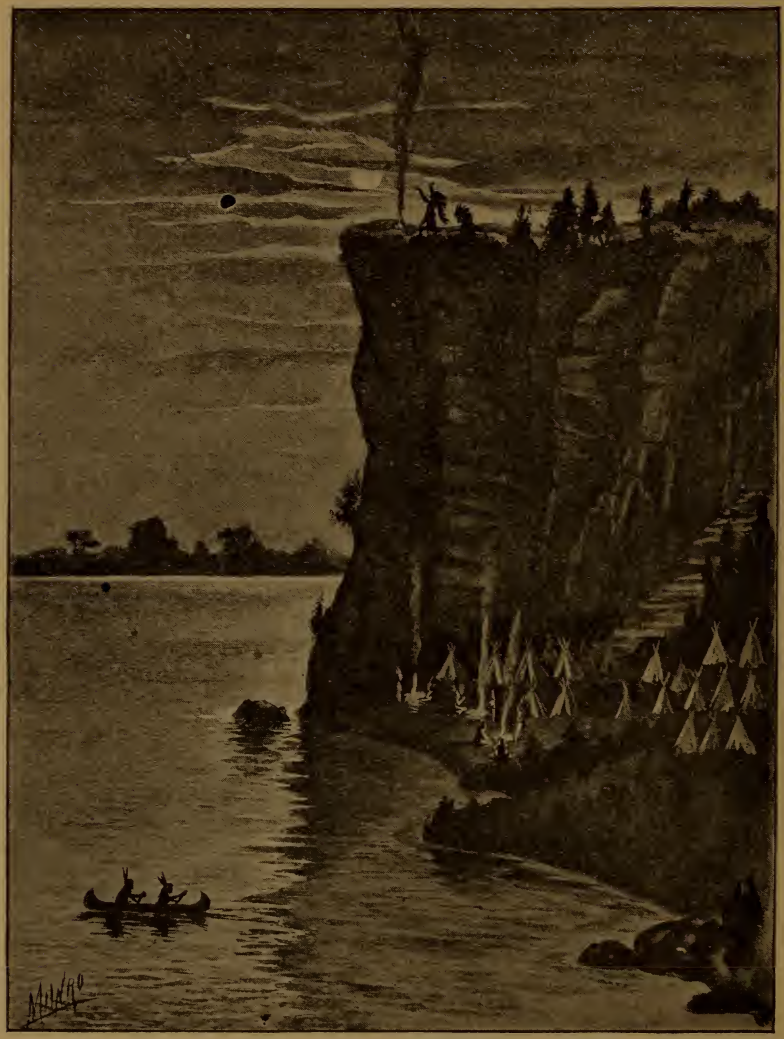
foot a great army of Pottawatomies and Ottawas waiting and ready for the slaughter.

A terrible scene followed. War whoops filled the air; and with the fury of wild beasts the Pottawatomies and Ottawas fell upon the little band of half starved Illinois. The women and children — mere skeletons, so reduced were they by starvation — fell easy victims to the foe, who slew them with no less satisfaction than they did the warriors of the unfortunate tribe.

The conflict lasted but a short time; for the weak, starved Illinois had little courage or endurance to do battle, and in an hour the ground was covered with the dead bodies of the Illinois.

Eleven only escaped. These eleven, strengthened by desperation, broke through the ranks of the enemy, and in the darkness and confusion, seized some canoes that were anchored there and made their way to St. Louis.

Here they were protected by the people in the fort, given food and allowed to rest, until at last,



182 "STARVED ROCK."

broken in spirit, not even longer claiming the name Illinois, they crept away to friendly tribes farther south, whoever would hear their piteous tale and accept them into their tribe.

So perished the Illinois at the hands of the Pottawatomies.

It was this extermination of the Illinois that secured to the Pottawatomies the country up and down this section.

Chicago had always been a favorite hunting ground for the Pottawatomies. Around it they liked to set up their wigwams; here they were accustomed to hold their great councils; and here it was that they finally made their last treaty with our government.

In this treaty they agreed to move to a certain locality west of the Missouri; and gradually they went away, leaving only a few of their number, who still lingered about the growing city, trading a little, working a little, but in no way molesting the inhabitants.

In 1835, the Pottawatomies assembled for the last time in Chicago to receive their annuity from the government.

Most amazed did they seem to find houses and business blocks already erected upon the very places where, in their day, the tall, rank grass had grown.

To some of them the realization seemed to come that their country was gone, that they were exiles, and that a greater people had indeed taken possession of their lands.

There were five thousand Pottawatomies assembled in the city on this day in 1835; and as they realized that never again would they come together on their native soil, the old spirit of savagery seemed to leap up in them and a desire once more to express themselves in old time war dance took possession of them.

Accordingly, without warning to the white men, they assembled at the Council House, near the present Lake House.

They wore only a strip of cloth around their loins,

and they had painted their bodies in a great variety of most brilliant colors.

On their faces, certainly, they had allowed their most savage artistic instincts full play; for never were faces made more hideous!

Their long, coarse, black hair they had gathered in old time scalp locks, and among the hair were feathers and plumes, strung together so that in some cases they hung down behind and even trailed.

Each Indian was armed with tomahawk and war club, and the leaders beat upon hollow pans, making a noise deafening and horrible.

Up and down the north side of the river they marched, stopping at each house to whoop and yell and flourish their tomahawks.

Over the old bridge they marched, on across the South Branch, up to the Sauganash Hotel.

It was a hot close morning in August; the perspiration poured down their faces, their tongues rolled out, and their eyes were wild and bloodshot.

Their faces were fierce and cruel and their strong muscles were drawn up in great knots so strained and tense were they.

They danced and leaped at every step, and brandished their war clubs with constant whoops and yells.

Surrounding the hotel, they leered in at the windows and shook their tomahawks at the women, yelling and howling and threatening.

More than one brave heart beat high; for even the bravest of the men knew that at any moment the savages, excited and wrought up as they were, might turn this sham war dance into actual warfare, lose control of themselves and burst in upon the people, helpless as they were before them.

Fortunately this did not happen, and the Indians marched on to Fort Dearborn, where, before the assembled officers, they finished their exhibition, with louder yells, higher leaps and greater contortions.

Then, at the word of command, they ceased,

wiped their perspiring faces, and dispersed to their lodging places, content now to leave their old hunting grounds and go back to their home beyond the Missouri.

No less glad were the people of Chicago to see them go; for, tragic though their exile was, the white man knew full well that their sham war dance might have proved a real one, that many a white village had witnessed it as real, and that for the safety and peace of mind of the growing city it was best that the Pottawatomies appear never again within its limits.

THE GREAT FIRE.

"O city by the inland sea,
Chicago,
The whole world's heart in sympathy,
Chicago,
Throbbed for thee in thy distress, —
But thou'rt risen now to bless
All who call on thee,
Chicago."

It had been a most unusually dry summer. Since July there had been only two and one-fourth inches of rainfall in the prairie section of the country — less than one-fourth the average amount.

It was on October 7th, 1871, that the first fire in Chicago broke out, and the four blocks included by Adams, Clinton, Van Buren Streets and the South Branch, were destroyed.

This of itself was no small fire. Dry as the buildings were, and with a south wind blowing, it was only by the most energetic labor that even this fire was brought under control and the city saved.

But hardly had the firemen recovered from the

exhaustion of this night's work, when on Sunday evening out rang another alarm of fire — this time from De Koven Street locality.

The southwest wind was now blowing a gale. The watchmen on the Court House misjudged the locality, and the nearest engine reached the scene only to find the fire already beyond control.

The wind rose higher and higher; the dry roofs snapped and crackled. Great tongues of fire were whirled high in the air; pieces of burning timber were blown hundreds of feet to the northeast, dropping here and there and everywhere upon the dry roofs of buildings. The fire was everywhere! The fifteen engines were but toys, in their power to stay the flames!

Already the old Judge Caton place — one of Chicago's earliest landmarks — was in flames. The beautiful forest around about it hissed and crackled like fire-works; and in a few moments, little else than the twelve old chimneys were left to mark the ruin of the grand old mansion house.

On, on the fire rushed, towards the district burned the night before. "But it must stop then!" the people said; and in their despair, they even watched, with relief, the destruction of the blocks up to that charred and empty square.

Certainly this seemed probable; and under any ordinary conditions it must have been so. But the city seemed fated.

At half past twelve, with a howl, as if exulting in the dire destruction, the wind swept up with a fearful gust, siezed a brand of fire, hurled it high in the air, and sent it with the speed of a rocket across the river, down upon the roof of a miserable little tenement house built of wood.

One second, and the roof was in a blaze; five minutes, and the whole wooden section was one sheet of flames.

On the roof of the Court House the watchmen fought the falling embers, and rang the great bell. At last the wooden cupola caught, and the watchmen were driven below. The bell rang on and on,

until it fell with a great crash into the melting caldron of flames below.

In the jail basement, the prisoners shrieked and howled and shook their iron doors.

"Let them go!" came the command from Captain Hickey; and out they rushed, blinded and half suffocated, into the street below — the only beings in the whole doomed city to whom the fire was not a sorrow and a terror!

Here and there, powder was used and buildings blown up, that great gaps might be made, which, it was hoped, might stop the onward rush of fire. But even this was of little avail; for hardly had the first great black chasm been made, where the business palace of the Merchants' Insurance Company stood, when the flames, with superhuman power, leaped the chasm and fell with redoubled fury upon the roof beyond.

And now the fire crossed the main river! It was half past two, when a car-load of kerosene, standing on the N. W. R. R., caught; and from that the fire

fiend rushed straight on towards the dwelling houses of that section of the city.

An hour later, and the City Water Works were attacked. This building was of stone and the roof slated over. But the fire seemed no respector of material. The flames fell upon this slated roof, which ignited and sent a blaze down in upon the ceilings below.

Most courageously the engineer and his force held their post and fought the flames, till the very roof fell in, when flight was all that was left to them.

Now, with the pumping engines themselves destroyed, the fire had no obstruction. On, on it sped, even up to the very limits of Lincoln Park; nor did it stop until the last house upon the limit was reached.

For twenty-five long hours had the fire raged, and over a distance of four miles it swept in dire destruction. Thousands of people were driven into the streets, homeless and penniless, and hundreds lay dead beneath the ruins of fallen buildings. No

whole volume could tell the story of this fire, the misery of the people, the destruction of the city.

What now would be the future of this ruined city? Would it, could it recover? That was the question asked by the people of Chicago and of all other cities of the country.

On the morning after the fire was over, one man was seen looking at the ruins of his business block, and turning over the bricks here and there.

"What are you doing?" a neighbor asked.

"Seeing how soon these bricks will be cool enough to build again!" was the laconic answer.

And that answer seemed the prophecy of the future.

"Ruined!" exclaimed the editor of the Tribune; "Never! Our city will boast a population of one million in twenty years;" and his prophecy was correct.

Such has been, and such is, the spirit of the Chicago people!

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

THE WORLD'S FAIR YEAR.

"O city by the inland sea,
Chicago,
Whose institutions grand and free,
Chicago,
Give instruction and delight,
Making darkened pathways bright,
For Humanity,
Chicago."

"A burden of honor!" Yes, and how grandly our brave city bore the burden!

When the idea of celebrating the four hundreth anniversary of the coming of Columbus sprang into the minds of the people, the next question was, Where should we hold the celebration? At the

West Indies, where first the caravels landed? Columbus' tomb was there; that made it fitting. In Boston, because it was historic? In New York, because it was New York? In Philadelphia, because the Centennial was held there?

No — none of these! But in our own Chicago! Because Chicago was large and central — the City of the Future; and above all, because the people of Chicago *dared*.

And it was, indeed, no little undertaking, no little risk and burden. But Chicago knew its resources and its citizens — knew its brave men and women — their intelligence, their energy, their patriotism and their unfailing capacity for successful enterprise.

And so it came about that it was Chicago who entertained the guests for the World's Fair — a fair greater than which no country of the world has ever seen. But it will be most superfluous to talk "World's Fair" to Illinois boys and girls! It is all too fresh in our minds; and we know, as no one can tell us, how grand and beautiful it was.

Indeed, Illinois boys and girls have a right to be proud of that part of the exhibition which they themselves provided — their educational exhibit. If it were not already conceded by the thousands of educational men and women who were there, that no exhibit from any other state excelled our own, we should not claim it ourselves. But they said it — they said it at the time, and they say it still; and so they will not count it ill taste in us if we trust their judgment and take deserved comfort to ourselves, that we contributed acceptably in this, as in other lines, to the World's Exposition of 1893.

The first definite movement towards the celebration of the discovery of America was the forming of a corporation in 1889 under the laws of Illinois.

The next, was the passing of an act in Congress, in the preamble of which we find these words:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled; that an exhibition of arts, industries, manufactures, and products of the soil,

STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

mine, and sea, shall be inaugurated in the year 1892, in the city of Chicago in the state of Illinois, as hereafter provided."

But the corporation must first have ready $5,000,000, to begin the work, and 5,000,000 more to bring forward on demand during the exposition. This did not appall the Illinois spirit. The five million was raised by popular subscription, all gladly contributing, from the millionaire to the day laborer, according to their means.

And it was because this first sum was so generously contributed, that the second five million was raised by issue of city bonds.

So the preliminary work went on. A greater undertaking our country never saw; but that it was wisely and successfully carried forward, we had our proof when the Fair was thrown open to the public.

It was on the 12th of October, 1892 — the anniversary of the landing of Columbus — that the dedication took place. And what a day that was, not only in Chicago, but throughout the country!

ELEVATORS AND SHIPPING, CHICAGO.

Columbus day! Celebrated by the school boys and girls in every city and town and borough! Music, processions and flags! And in the evening, patriotic songs, fireworks, speeches and cheers for the land of Columbus! We remember it still. And we are proud to-day, as we then were, that we are Americans, ready now and forever to hail Columbia — our own, our native land.

And upon our Chicago, the burden of all this fell It is over now; and has passed into the history of our city. It was great; it was established on a mighty scale; it was carried on with energy and enthusiasm, and it was a success. Each state and territory in the Union helped, and had its representatives in delegates and officers. All worked in harmony. Great dreams of achievement were fulfilled. And in all this Chicago failed not in any respect to support and carry on, with glory to herself and comfort to her guests, her "great burden of honor," — *The Columbian Exposition.*

And now, — Chicago's future!

What shall it be? Who shall tell?

But of one thing we may be sure — the same brave spirit of enthusiasm that has pervaded the hearts of the present and past generations, will pervade the hearts of those yet to come. Love for the city by its citizens is, to us and to it, a tower of strength. We are proud of our city; and we are proud that we *are* proud.

No city on earth has a record like it. Fifty years ago a prairie — to-day a city of more than a million inhabitants, representing every interest — commercial, industrial, educational and artistic — known to any section in our broad land. Of our city in its earlier days, one old man, still hearty and strong, says with glowing pride;

"I was born in 1822 in a little house at the foot of Washington Street, four blocks from old Fort Dearborn. The house was one that had been used as a trading post. Afterward, about 1834, when the pier was built at the mouth of the river, the course of the river was changed, and the foundations of the

old house were so undermined that it had to be torn down.

"I can recollect the time when I could go to the fort and count only twenty-five buildings outside the garrison, and these were mostly log houses.

"This part of the city was then a forest. The trees were as thick as they could be down to Chicago Avenue. In this very place we could sit and shoot deer; and there were wood wolves, which were larger and darker than the ordinary prairie wolves.

"Prairie wolves, by the way, were exceedingly numerous all around Harrison and Van Buren Streets. From Randolph Street, running south, there was a strip of forest to Sixteenth Street, and between Fifth Avenue and the lake. This was heavy timber, and once in a while a bear or a lynx would get in there."

And another — no less proud of the wonderful change in his own life-time, says:

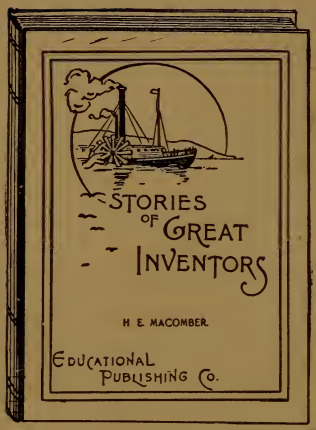
"I was born in one of the old Fort Dearborn

houses, and I have played over the ground time and time again as a boy.

"There is one point in connection with old Fort Dearborn that I should like to have corrected, and that is the statement that it was surrounded by a solid plank fence. Instead of this it was surrounded by five rows of sharp pickets, each about fifteen feet high."

Other cities have gone through the same process of change and growth, to be sure; but not in half a century. And it is because of this proud past that we hope so much for the future. Great schemes and great interests even now are pending; and in them Chicago will not fail. Pride of citizenship will preserve and push forward our city in the years to come, even as it has done in the few short years that have passed; and we shall sing as proudly then as now:

"O, city by the inland sea,
Columbia has chosen thee
To proudly say, 'I Will,'
And all prophecy fulfill,
Mighty city by the inland sea."



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